

Boy Scouts' Number

Life

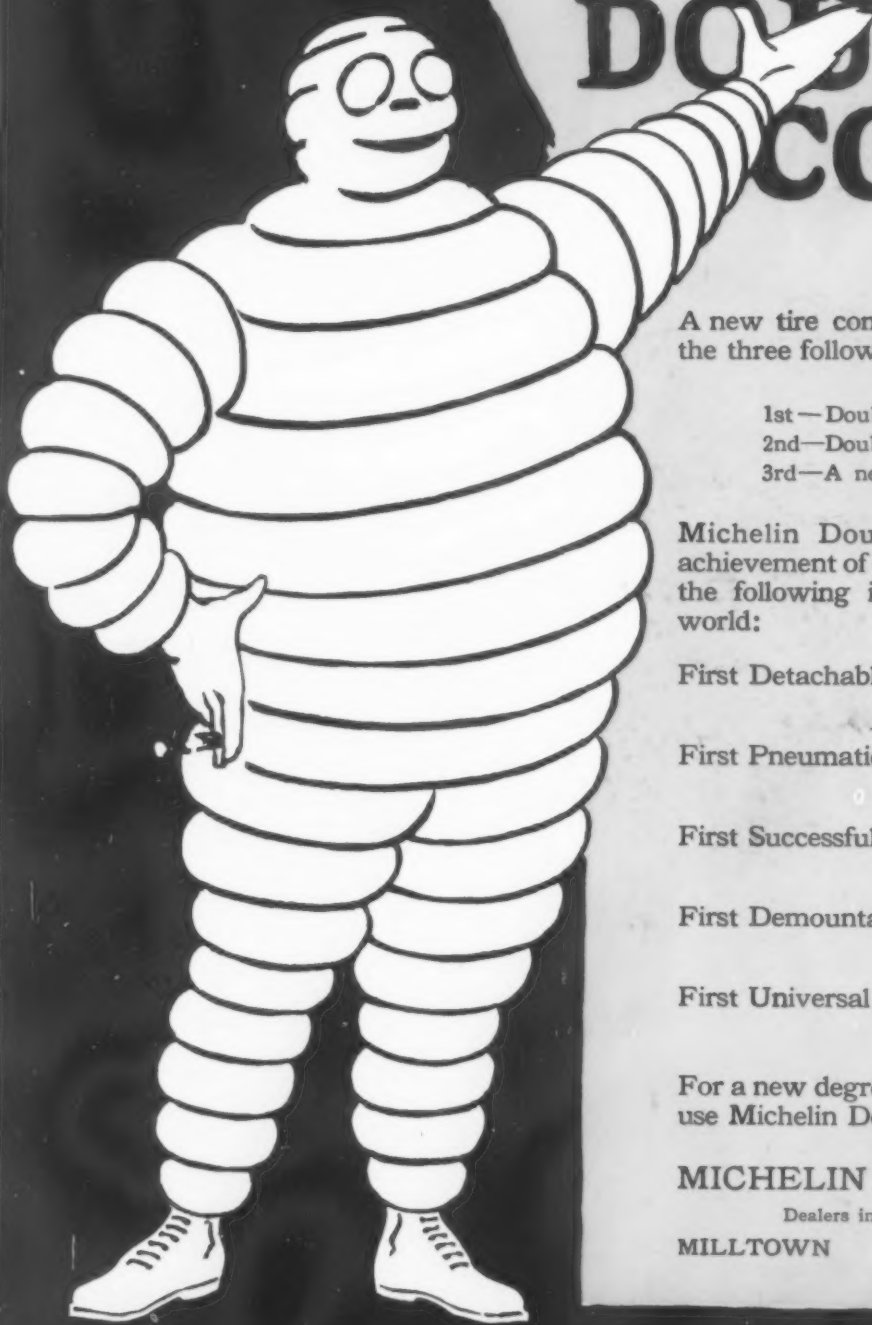
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THE HERO-WORSHIPER

MICHELIN

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A new tire combining for the first time
the three following exclusive features:

- 1st—Double Cord construction.
- 2nd—Double cushions of rubber.
- 3rd—A new long-wearing tread.

Michelin Double Cords are the latest
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use Michelin Double Cord Tires.

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"Oh, Lord! A blowout, no raincoat and five miles to the nearest town. Why didn't I have sense enough to put on Kelly-Springfields all around?"



The Supreme Silk Shirting for Men

The Loomcraft name woven in the selvage of the fabric, or the trade-mark label sewed in the finished shirt, guarantees superlative beauty and durability.

Write for New Book of Patterns.

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WHY YOUR HEAD OF CABBAGE WAS LATE

The Father's Lament

(From the Persian of the Moolah of Rum)

I AM a father: behold me! I am wise and a father, careful of my children's names and ever ready to instruct them in the way they should go. My hairs are gray and my eyes are weak; but I have seen many things; and the eyes of my mind are keen! Allah il Allah! Observe me and do me honor!

Chief among my treasures were my daughters, the fragrant roses of my bosom, my softly cooing turtle doves, my beautiful almond trees all in blossom. The hair upon their heads was dusky as the pomegranate beneath the full moon: their voices rivaled the call of the bul-bul: their eyes were brown like the still pools of the stream Zem-Zem. Some daughters? Allah il Allah! Thou hast said it!

In the wisdom of my years I said unto them: "My daughters, give heed to thy conduct, that mighty princes may desire thee in marriage. Cast down thine eyes, and hide thy faces beneath veils. Garb thyself in modest raiment, and go not upon the streets. Perfect thyself in the care of a home and in the regulation of servants; and study diligently so that thou canst converse upon art and literature and music, and delight the hearts of thy suitors with thy conversation."

Allah il Allah! I am a father, and many griefs have come upon me. One of my daughters, the reddening apple upon my tree, the sweetest fruit among my leaves, obeyed my words. She walked in modesty, and conversed in honeyed words upon the works of the poets. Likewise she cooked the succulent cruller, and garbed herself in seemly raiment which she constructed herself at a cost of only two silver shahis. Lo, she dwelleth still within my home, eating of my sustenance. The years pass by, and no man seeketh her hand in marriage. Verily, she would make welcome as a suitor a noisy schoolboy or an ancient yokel; but no man cometh. Woe is me, and thrice woe!

But my other daughter seized upon my advice and threw it to earth and jumped on the ground where it lay. She made loud talk on small matters. She knew naught of the poets, and cared less. She went forth upon the streets in gaudy raiment that revealed her silken hosiery. She danced in the market-place with strange shakings, known to the unregenerate as the Shimmy. She smoked the forbidden cigarette and rode far afield in devil wagons. The neighbors wagged their heads and predicted evil things of her, and I was ashamed. And behold, she hath married a mighty prince out of countless suitors, and sendeth me rich presents. She attireth herself in garments of great price, and lieth about her home all day, keeping a dozen servants on the jump. And in the night she goeth forth and danceth the Shimmy endlessly.

Allah il Allah! I am wise and a father; but when I was young such doings as this were not. I know not to what the world cometh! Verily, it maketh me ill. Who now will heed my advice? Allah il Allah!

Kenneth L. Roberts.



ST. VALENTINE'S Gift Supreme.
A richness of chocolate coating—a
piquance of flavor-treats within—a
purity absolute—and a memory of the
charm and delight of old-fashioned
Southern cooking in every box of

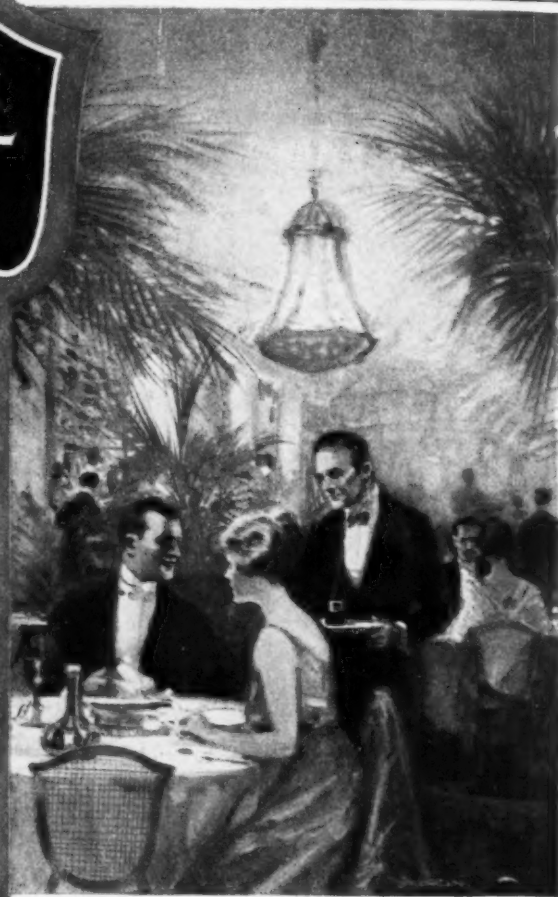
Nunnally's
THE CANDY OF THE SOUTH



VERVOCATE-CREAMY IDEAL—A WHOLE HOUSEHOLD
KING and queen—savored in rich chocolate coating and
creamy filling. Nunnally's Chocolate—one of the many delicious
delicacies in the "Box Bovenal"—Pecans and sugar candy
cannot supply you a complete house of Nunnally's candy
will be mailed postpaid upon receipt of \$2.00.

NUNNALLY'S ATLANTA

BLUE LABEL FOODS



Sound Ripe Tomatoes, · Delicately Spiced

FRESH from the fields, these tomatoes are carefully selected—slightly cooked, then spiced just enough to emphasize their delicious flavor, and cleanly packed. This is Blue Label Ketchup.

This same care in selection and cleanliness in preparation is exercised in every Blue Label Food.

Soups, sauces, canned fruits and vegetables, boned turkey and chicken, jams, jellies and preserves. These wholesome Blue Label Foods are always ready for your instant use.

You can serve a perfect meal without the customary fuss and worry—stock your pantry with Blue Label Foods—a complete, perfect line—from soup to sweets!

Write for our booklet, "Pictorial History of Hospitality." It contains many good menus and recipes. We will be pleased to send it if you will mention your grocer's name.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO.

ROCHESTER N.Y.



UNCLE TOM'S "CABIN"—1920

The Way of a Boy with a Sermon

COMPOSES himself with a deep sigh; listens attentively for three minutes, in unimpeachable form.

Cautiously reaches hymn book from rack; drops it; recovers it; reads hymns for five minutes.

Explores trousers pocket and examines with deep interest one magnet, two nails, three pencil stubs and several bits of unclassified junk. Drops something, and hunts under seat until discovered and as-you-were-d.

Sighs heavily; inspects all the stained-glass windows and the overhead architecture and decorations.

Puts sole of left foot against back of pew in front, at level of knee, and is highly surprised when foot drops noisily. Repeats same exercise with right foot, with same result.

Sits still and gratefully sucks peppermint offered by merciful aunt.

Sighs heavily. Experiments to see what will happen if he presses on his Adam's apple while head is extended forward; strange choking sound ensues, immediately suppressed by domestic authorities.

Takes a recount of articles in book rack; finds old paper fan, and discovers that it will make a cracking noise if flipped in a certain manner. Flips it in a certain manner until re-proved.

Explores coat pocket for solace; looks happier; a mysterious hissing sound, like escaping steam, leads to probe, revealing old camera bulb; confiscated.

Sighs heavily; listens for five minutes.

Dissects and reassembles flashlight; finds piece of string in pocket, and practices Scout knots for a peaceful interval.

Stands up with a sigh of relief; thank goodness, it's time for the last hymn!

Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Well, folks! this strikes me as a grand wee bit of a time for a few words about

ground-hogs *and* RUBBERSET TRADE MARK Shaving Brushes

Most all of you know what the brush looks like—that's why I'm illustrating the ground-hog!

A hundred-and-some-odd millions of you looked for this critter this week, but how many of you saw him "come out"—this year or any other?

How's that?

Mighty darn few?

The head of the class for yours!

And now for the "stinger":

Did you ever stop to think that still fewer of you ever saw the bristles come out of that everlasting grip of hard rubber in a RUBBERSET brush?

I'll say it's worth considering—and remembering.

Obeys that impulse! Toddles around to your dealer, separates yourself from one or two of these half-portion dollars and annexes a genuine RUBBERSET—the American shavingman's one best bet.

I thank you!

OLD MAN RUBBERSET



A "Life"-like reproduction of the *Arctomys Mobox* (choose your own pronunciation!) familiar to our family circle as the groundhog.



Our Own Private Boy Scouts' Anniversary

Just to celebrate the big Boy Scouts' Anniversary which takes place all over the country the week beginning February 5th.

Meanwhile, with unblushing front and shameless effrontery, we suggest that you become a regular subscriber to this occasionally interesting paper.

First, at \$5.00 a year it is so inexpensive (in comparison with other necessities) as not to be considered. Second, there is a great contest now going on, which you must follow in our coming issues. Third, the great special numbers coming cannot afford to be missed. Obey that impulse.

Next Week: All about Love.

Coming: The Tobacconalian Number.

A subscription to LIFE gives joy to the children of the family quite as much as to the grownups. In fact, the children usually ask for it first.

Try it, and see how your young people revel in the pictures.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 121

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

HANSEN

GLOVES



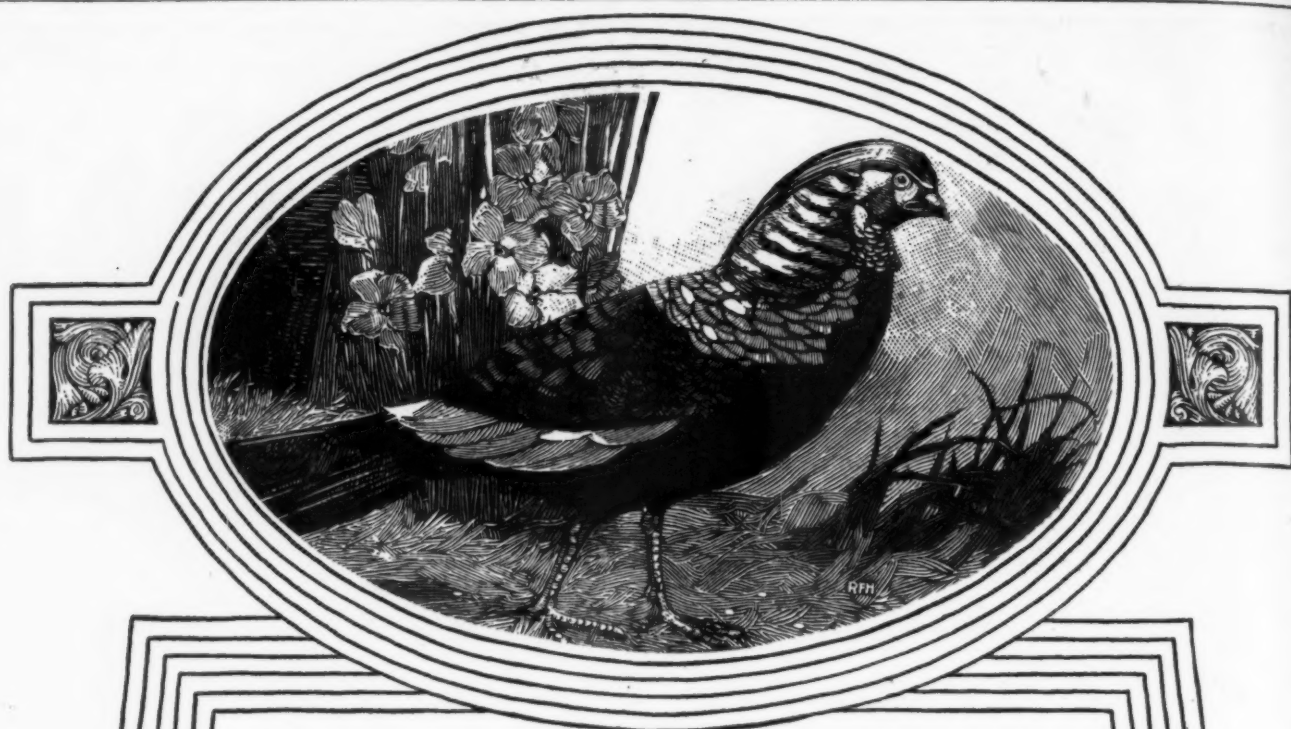
—facility

One of the best things about a Hansen Glove is the facility it gives your fingers—the easy play, the sure hold.

When you wear a Hansen you enjoy the satisfaction of infallible style with the comfort of a glove exactly planned for the time, place and use required.

Write for the *Book of Gloves*. You will find this dress model fully described. Also a wide variety for motoring, sport, work, etc. Select your favorites, then call on your dealer.

O. C. HANSEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
102-F Detroit Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

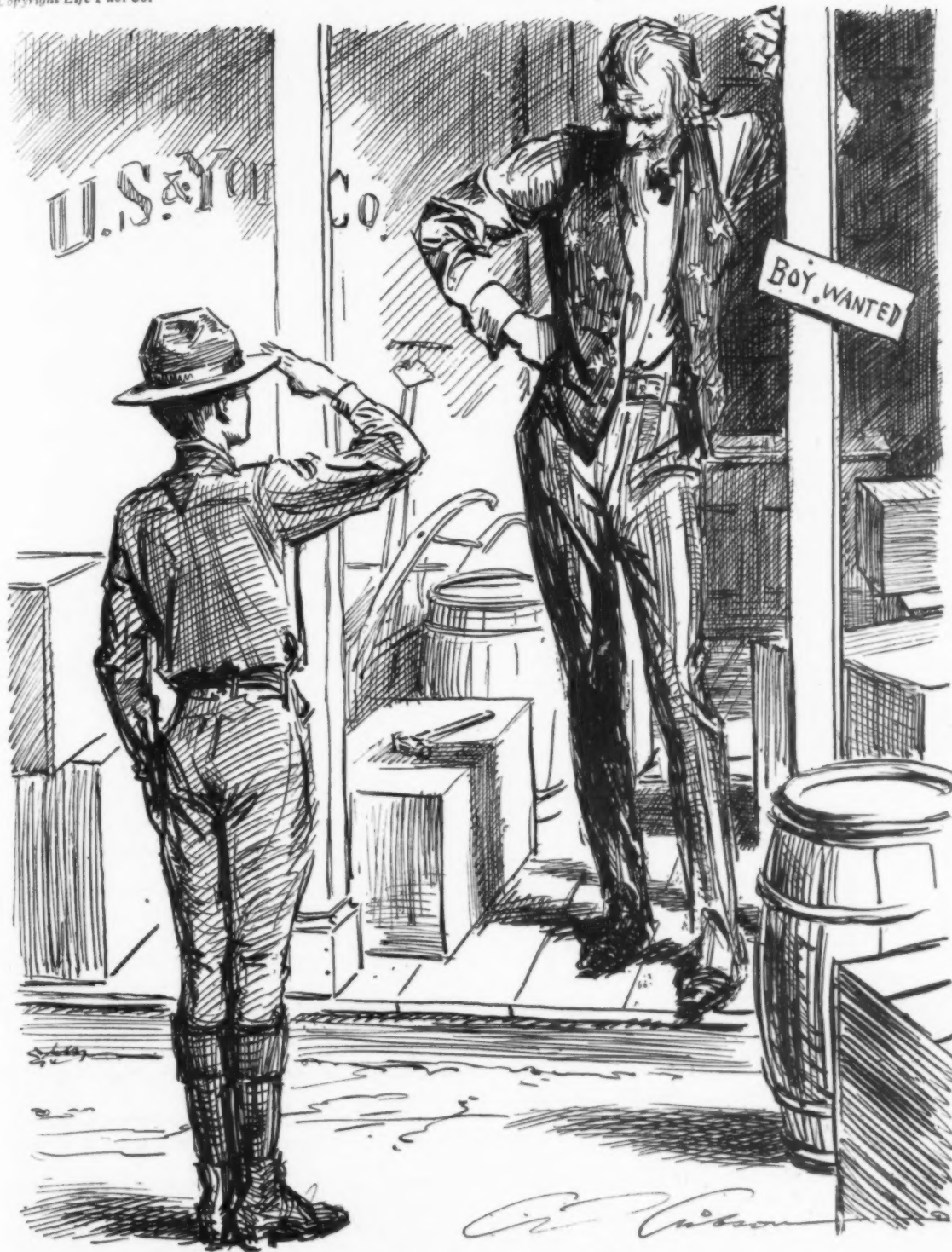


Gunning? Pheasant hunting may be the finest of the sports—but shooting for prospects with the Mimeograph also has its thrills. Five thousand shots an hour this business-bagging repeater fires. And every shot goes to where it is addressed—sent at maximum speed and minimum cost. Letters, diagrams, maps, bulletins, forms and the like are Mimeographed now as they have never been Mimeographed before. *Neater*—better work has been the aim of every improvement. You don't know what the Mimeograph can do if you haven't recently seen the Mimeograph in operation. With it—the cherished plan of this hour becomes the business-getting policy of the next—departures from the beaten track are invited by this ready and cheap means for their quick accomplishment—and dreaded emergencies disappear in an easy routine. Five thousand shots an hour—bringing down overhead and bagging bigger business! Others are gunning—why not you? Get booklet "W" from A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.



LIFE

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"YOU'LL DO"

Our Presidential Department



APPLICATIONS for President still continue to pour in. It would be unfair, however, not to admit that some of our applicants have thought better of it. One gentleman writes:

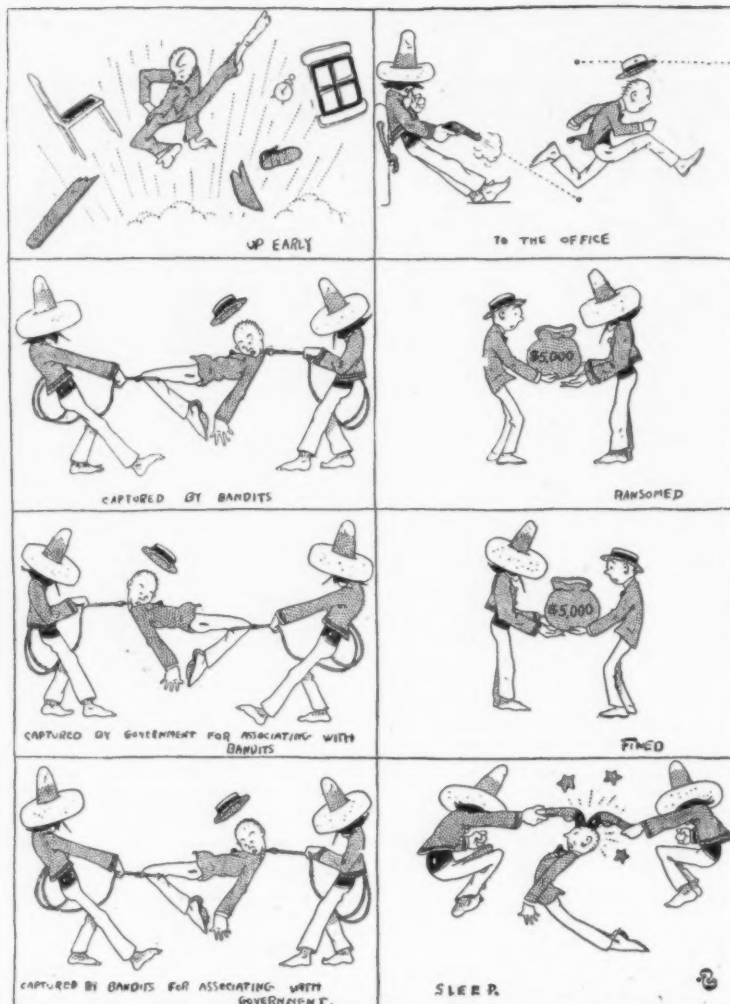
"Please withdraw my application for the presidency. I have been thinking it over, and have concluded that I can do better work on a more permanent basis in my own home town. If I became President I should undoubtedly be widely advertised. A lot of people would get the impression that I was really a big man; after a while they would learn the fatal truth, and I would be worse off than I was before.

"Of course I realize that I ought not to look at this matter from a purely selfish standpoint. If I can do my country any good by being President, I should, I think, be willing to make the sacrifice. But I doubt it very much. I am no orator; everything I write is short and to the point; I have had a thorough business training, and the only thing that really interests me is to produce practical results for the greatest number in the shortest space of time.

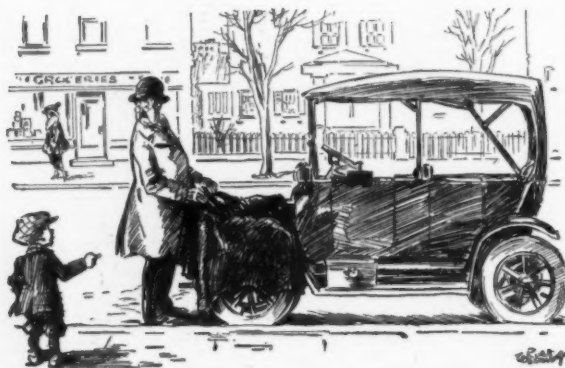
"I wouldn't do. I realize that now, and am only glad that I came to my senses in time."

We have received a great many inquiries as to how we expect to elect our candidate for President after we have made the final selection. This is a matter that we feel we cannot be too open about.

It is quite possible, of course, that our candidate may not be elected. But it must be remembered that this great



DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN IN MEXICO



"YOU CAN'T FOOL ME BY PUTTING THAT BLANKET ON, MISTER. I KNOW WHAT KIND OF A CAR YA GOT"

movement is something entirely new, and it may take time to bring about the full result. The idea of having a President elected by a popular vote is a startling innovation. But we believe that in time its value will be understood by everybody.

If you think, therefore, that you would like to be President, send in your application at once, or name somebody you think would do. Here, for example, are a number of recommendations from men who themselves are too modest to run personally:

"What's the matter with George Harvey? We believe it would keep him quiet for a while, and this would certainly be a help."

"I trust you will not think me overbold in advocating the name of Burleson for the important office of President. At first sight this may not seem to be a wise choice. But the great point is this: Mr. Burleson would be unfair to everybody. As the office of President offers such a various field in which to be unfair, his efforts in one direction



WHY HE STOPPED AT THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE FIRST



"THERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL"

would be neutralized in others. Besides, if he were President, someone else would have to run the post office."

"I do not know whether or not a woman can run for President, but if not, I should have the Constitution amended immediately. This ought not to be much trouble. Almost any minority can apparently amend the Constitution. This accomplished, I would suggest the following ticket:

For President—Amy Lowell.

For Vice-President—Edith Wharton.

For Secretary of State—Carrie Chapman Catt.

For Secretary of War—Gertrude Atherton.

"This is as far as I have been able to go at present, but other names will doubtless suggest themselves. Miss Lowell writes charming imagist verse, and we could count on her giving us state documents that would be perfectly lovely, as nobody in the world would have any idea what they meant. The trouble with our previous state documents has been that in places they were understandable. As long as the women rule us privately, why not publicly?"

WHEN a stranger moves to town his neighbors want to know all about him, but, first and last, where he gets his money.

How Much Do You Know?

(If you can answer correctly all of the questions given below, then without doubt you are an average American.)



WHAT is the name of that man who, during the present generation, has had the most pernicious influence upon American journalism?

What large city on the North American continent is it whose inhabitants generally are ashamed of their mayor?

During what administration was it that a certain admiral reproved a certain Secretary of the Navy and was backed up by public opinion?

Give the name of a certain famous poet who, on a visit to this country, was the victim of so much vulgar toadyism as to disgust decent Americans?

The inhabitants of a certain country are in the habit of killing and imprisoning with impunity citizens of the United States. Give the name of this country, and state how many decades it will be, in your opinion, before anything is done about it.

What is the name of that invisible thing, generally represented by a piece of oblong green paper, that cannot be eaten and has no value in itself, yet has lost nearly two-thirds of its value in the last five years?

What is that which is not art, which is not literature, which is not drama and which is not humor, and yet which ten million people in the United States go to see every evening?

Give in their proper order the names of those cities in the United States that are noted for: Fleas? Disloyal policemen? Hotel robberies? Congressional bolsheviks? Baby carriages? Soot? Boulevards? Flivvers?

Who tampered with the mails?

What animal is it that wears furs in summer, silk stockings in winter, goes without clothes half the time, and costs more money than any other in the world?

WOOD ALCOHOL—A remedy inaugurated by Prohibition as a substitute for the good times we used to have.



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"



Son (who takes up collection in Sunday school): SAY, MA! THAT NEW KID DIDN'T PUT IN ANY MONEY TO-DAY. BUT NEXT SUNDAY I'LL SEE THAT HE DOES!

Three Players

LIFE is a great card table around which there are always three players.

They are War, Love and Wit.

War and Love never play on the level. They are old sharps, one always having a King of Clubs up his sleeve and the other a Queen of Hearts palmed.

Wit sits between them, blowing the smoke of endless cigarettes into the air.

He knows both his companions in the game are crooked, but he smiles and smiles and is never a villain.

The Point of View

A SQUIRREL cage was hung up in a forest.

"How quiet those fellows are out there," said the squirrel inside as he took another whirl. "They have never learned how to exercise."



The Scout Trail

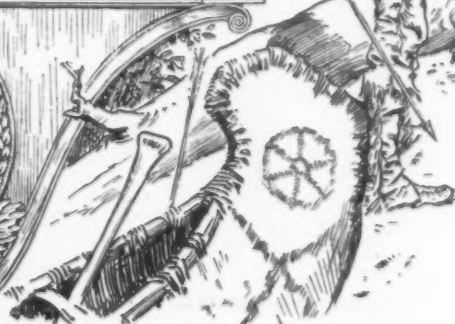
WASHINGTON blazed it through wilderness
snows,

Wearing the hunting-shirt, bearing the pack,
Braving the winter and treacherous foes,
Out to the turbid Ohio and back.
Carson and Crockett and Boone and the rest,
Hunter and fighter and bold pioneer,
Carried it southward and carried it west—
Follow their moccasins, treading it clear!

Over the mountains they furthered the way;
Still in the distance new ranges were blue.
Sure with the rifle and hatchet were they,
Deft with the paddle and buoyant canoe.
Guarding the hamlet that rose in the glen,
Guarding the train from the savages' wrath,
Living free-hearted and dying like men—
What must they be who would follow their path?

Cleanly in body and cleanly in mind,
Loyal in all things and patient and strong,
Cheerful and resolute, gentle and kind,
Stalwart in shielding the weaker from wrong.
Whether it lead through the peace of the vale,
Whether through cities that bustle and hum,
Scouts of America, follow that trail,
Treading it plain for the millions to come!

Arthur Guiterman.



Robert H. Johnson

Life's Title Contest

For the best title to the picture on this page

LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize . . . \$500.00
Second Prize . . . \$200.00
Third Prize . . . \$100.00

The contest will be governed by the following

CONDITIONS

Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the situation shown in the picture.

No title submitted shall consist of more than twenty-five words. Hyphenated words will be counted as one.

Contestants may send in more than one answer, but each one must be on a separate sheet, with name and address plainly written.

The contest is open to everybody. In case of any dispute as to the status of a winning contestant under these conditions, the Editors of LIFE will be the sole judges. But a liberal interpretation will be placed on the conditions.

The contest is now open. It will close at noon on Monday, May 3, 1920,



For the Best Title to this Picture \$800 will be given in Prizes

See conditions on this page



"IT'S JUST AS I TOLD YOU, LIZZIE—
SHE HAS GOT EYES!"

no manuscripts received on that date after that hour being considered.

All manuscripts should be addressed to the Contest Editor of LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York. Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered. Envelopes must contain nothing but the competing title and the name and address of the sender, plainly written, all on the same sheet. If you have anything else to say to LIFE, send it in a separate letter. The Editors will not be responsible for the loss of manuscripts. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies. No manuscripts will be returned.

Titles may be original or may be a quotation from some well-known author, but in this case the source must be accurately given.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE to be a contestant.

In case of ties the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest. Of this due notice will be given. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

The earlier you send your title the better. In previous contests many arrived too late.

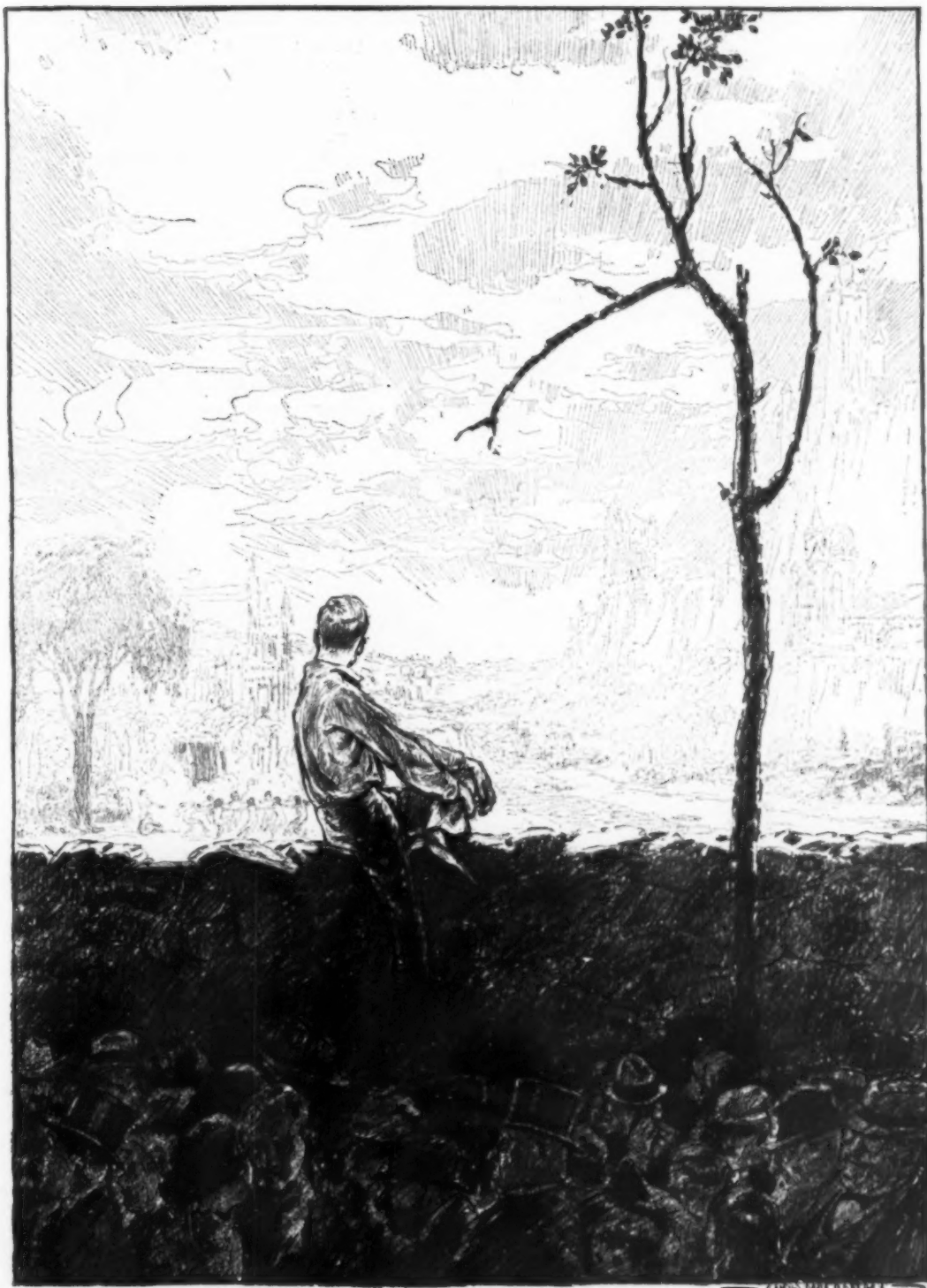
All the Same

"WHERE are you going to-night?"

"To a girl-and-music show."

"Which one?"

"What difference does it make?"



THE DREAMER

Sir Oliver Lodge

WE have had no lack of visitors of distinction and renown since Europe's predicament brought us into special notice. Joffre and Balfour came; Lord Reading and Lord Grey; Cardinal Mercier; King Albert and his Queen; the Prince of Wales, and lately Maeterlinck, and many others. But not a visitor in all the list made a visit that is more likely to be important than that of Sir Oliver Lodge, or brought a message of more vital interest to us and all the world.

For Sir Oliver thinks the dead are talking back to us, not on rare occasions generations apart, but every day, here and there, to this one, to that one; now about personal matters, again more rarely about the very greatest concerns of men and nations.

If anything like that is true, nothing else touches it in interest. If it is true in such volume that it cannot be hidden, it is sure to touch the minds and opinions of

enough people to affect the public policies of the world. People say this is the opening of a new era. Signs and tokens are proper for such crises in human life and history. Sir Oliver says they are forthcoming now, and one of his errands here is to tell about them. The other errand, next of kin to it, is to discuss certain matters relating to physics, and possible resulting enlargement of the control by man of natural forces.

Sir Oliver is a distinguished man of science; a first-rate physicist. In that line he will discuss the ether of space and the structure of the atom. His sentiments about ether and the atom are almost as extraordinary as his convictions about communication with the dead. He seems to think that as knowledge of the properties of ether is increased we shall understand better the processes and means of psychical communication. Atomic energy he believes will supersede coal as the source of power in future ages,



"MY DEAR, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE COMING TO. MY FOOTMAN HAS LEFT ME, AND I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO ONE TO OPEN THE DOOR OF MY LIMOUSINE"



"GOOD HEAVENS, BOY! WHAT SORT OF A DOG IS THAT?"
 "PLEASE, SIR, HE'S A BAPTIST."

and will transform the world, and this energy he thinks we may presently know how to harness.

Somehow the very top scientists seem more hospitable to theories and beliefs that stagger plain people than folks are who know less and are less conversant with what science has already found out. If Sir Oliver's expectations about atomic energy should be realized, it might make a good deal for political tranquillity in this world, for nations in that case would be relieved of their anxieties about their coal

supplies, and perhaps even about petroleum, and would no longer try to beat one another to control of lands that contained these precious combustibles.

And if Sir Oliver's beliefs about continued existence after death and communication with discarnate spirits become more general and more vivid, that will probably help also by diverting people's minds from too intense and impatient concern about the things of this world and how to possess an oversupply of them. Sir Oliver says:

"The survival of man can be proved, and that perception will strengthen the hands of religion." So it would, and the world needs very much to have the hands of religion strengthened. People who are not religious as well as those who are, agree that the world in its present fix, and in the exceptional scarcity of material supplies, needs very much to have its interest in spiritual things increased.

Lots of people already in all parts of this country read the spiritist books, and are interested in the spiritist activity. For them Sir Oliver Lodge is the foremost prophet and teacher in sight. To others he appears at least as a sincere man, simple and unaffected, unassailable in character and of a high distinction in science. It is well that such a messenger should have a hearing in this country, and he will get it, without doubt.

E. S. M.

After Omar

IN days when Omar used to dine
 Beneath the boughs with books and
 wine,
 The Best Belovèd, while he read
 His latest verse, would turn her head
 And cast her eyes down, while her
 hand
 Drew idle patterns in the sand.

Last evening when I dined with Di
 Under a shaded light, was I
 More fortunate than Omar? Nay,
 She only turned her face away,
 And on a table in New York
 Drew patterns with a silver fork.

Bliss Carman.



Mistress (to new cook): I HOPE YOU
 WILL LIKE YOUR ROOM, BRIDGET



"I WISHT WE HAD MORE CUSTOMERS LIKE HER, JOE. SHE AIN'T GOT THE FAINTEST IDEA WHAT TWO POUNDS AN' A HALF AT SIXTY-TWO CENTS A POUND OUGHT TO COME TO"

A Boy Scout's Will

I, JOHN W. BRADSHAW, pioneer scout of the Wolf Patrol, having attained the age of maturity and realizing that my Boy Scout days are numbered, do hereby give, devise and bequeath my scout assets, tangible and intangible, as follows, to wit:

My uniform, pack and equipment, to Larry O'Toole, the son of my mother's laundress, to be preserved for him until he is old enough to use them;

My scout's manual, axe and compass, to George Washington Jackson, 3d, son of my father's handy man, with the admonition that he organize, if possible, a troop of scouts among the colored boys of the village;

My strap watch with the "see by night" dial, to Roscoe, my small



brother, who has wanted it ever since he learned to tell time;

My waterproof match box and hunting knife, to James Fanning, to be held in trust until he can repeat the Scout Oath;

To all boys in general I bequeath the knowledge that the Boy Scout organization teaches obedience, bravery, loyalty, self-respect, kindness, thrift, cleanliness and reverence; that it makes men of its members, and that no boy can possibly go wrong by joining it.

Logical?

"WHAT'S the matter?" we asked the Red in New York.

"What's the matter?" he answered. "Back in Russia, thanks to Lenin, there is no freedom of speech. Anybody criticising or hampering the Soviet government is shot as a counter-revolutionist. Here we have freedom of speech. But will you please tell me this: What good is freedom of speech if one cannot advocate the overthrow of the government?"

Respite

COBBLE: When are these beef trusts to be dissolved?

STONE: Don't recall the date; but it's not for some time yet.

"Then we'll all have a breathing spell, at least, before the prices go up again."



"A SKIN YOU'D LOVE TO TOUCH"



"WHAT A WONDERFUL PERSONALITY MRS. GILSON HAS DEVELOPED SINCE HER MARRIAGE!"

"YES; SHE NOT ONLY HAS HER OWN, BUT SHE HAS ABSORBED HER HUSBAND'S."

In the People's Court

"WHAT is the charge against this man?" asked the Caliph, with a sympathetic gleam in his benevolent eye.

"Your honor," said the attendant, "it appears that he attempted to start a private drive of his own for his family."

"A private drive! Why, this is treasonable. Who is he?"

"He is just a consumer, your honor; just a private citizen, a man who apparently belongs to the middle class, at the head of a large family. Upon being questioned, he told the inspector, with a loud and unseemly laugh, that for many moons he had been asked to contribute to everything—all kinds of reliefs, governments, etc., and with all this burden he was forced to pay twenty-five cents a pound for sugar, sixty dollars a month for a cook, one hundred for a suit, and other things in proportion. And so, your honor, with a mad laugh he started a private drive of his own, announcing that if anybody in America needed relief, it was he."

The Caliph shook his head sadly, for he was not an unkindly man.

"Poor wretch!" he said. "Do not confine him too rigorously. Feed him on nourishing things, keep his feet

warm, and try to nurse his reason back. It is evident that the situation in which he has found his beloved country has unhinged his mind."

THE Cabinet atmosphere is one of resignation these days.



"WHAT D'YOU USE, MISTER—SOFT COAL OR WOOD?"

Vanished Glories



HERE is the olden-time five-cent cigar?
The large ice-cream soda a dime used
to buy?
Where is the "Suit, \$15"? Where are
The five-dollar shoes that once gladdened the
eye,
The fifteen-cent collar, the fifty-cent tie,
The one-dollar shirt we considered a winner,
The nickel hot dog and the dime piece of pie?
But where is the fifty-cent table d'hôte dinner?

In what spot Elysian, aloof and afar,
Are beautiful doughnuts they once used to fry
At two for a jitney? In what distant star
Are dollar silk stockings? Where would one apply
For socks at a quarter, or find on the sly
A two-dollar hat for a saint or a sinner?
The echo comes back from the pitiless sky,
"But where is the fifty-cent table d'hôte dinner?"

The prices we meet give a jolt and a jar
To all of our feelings, and glumly we sigh,
"Oh, where is the generous chocolate bar
For only five cents? In what limbo now lie
The loud-ticking watch and the pen that ran dry,
But sold for one bone?" We despair and grow thinner
While fate answers dully, with smile all awry,
"But where is the fifty-cent table d'hôte dinner?"

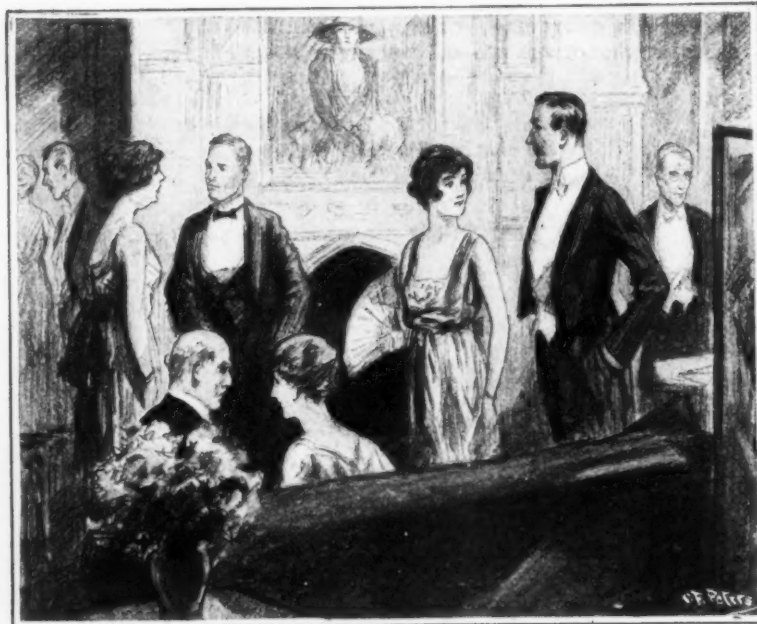
Envoy

The high cost of living grows ever more high
We're soaked by the baker, the butcher, the tinner,
And yet we continue to question and cry,
"But where is the fifty-cent table d'hôte dinner?"

Berton Braley.



His Majesty: COLLY! IT MUST BE HELL UP THERE!



"I WANT YOU TO MEET MISS SMITH. SHE WAS THE MOST POPULAR GIRL AT COLLEGE."

"REALLY, YOU KNOW, I DON'T BELIEVE I CARE TO MEET ANYONE AS HOMELY AS THAT."

His Proud Moments

WHEN he tied his first clove-hitch knot.

When he wig-wagged his first correct message to the assistant scout-master.

When he was able to lead the party out of the Big Woods by aid of a compass.

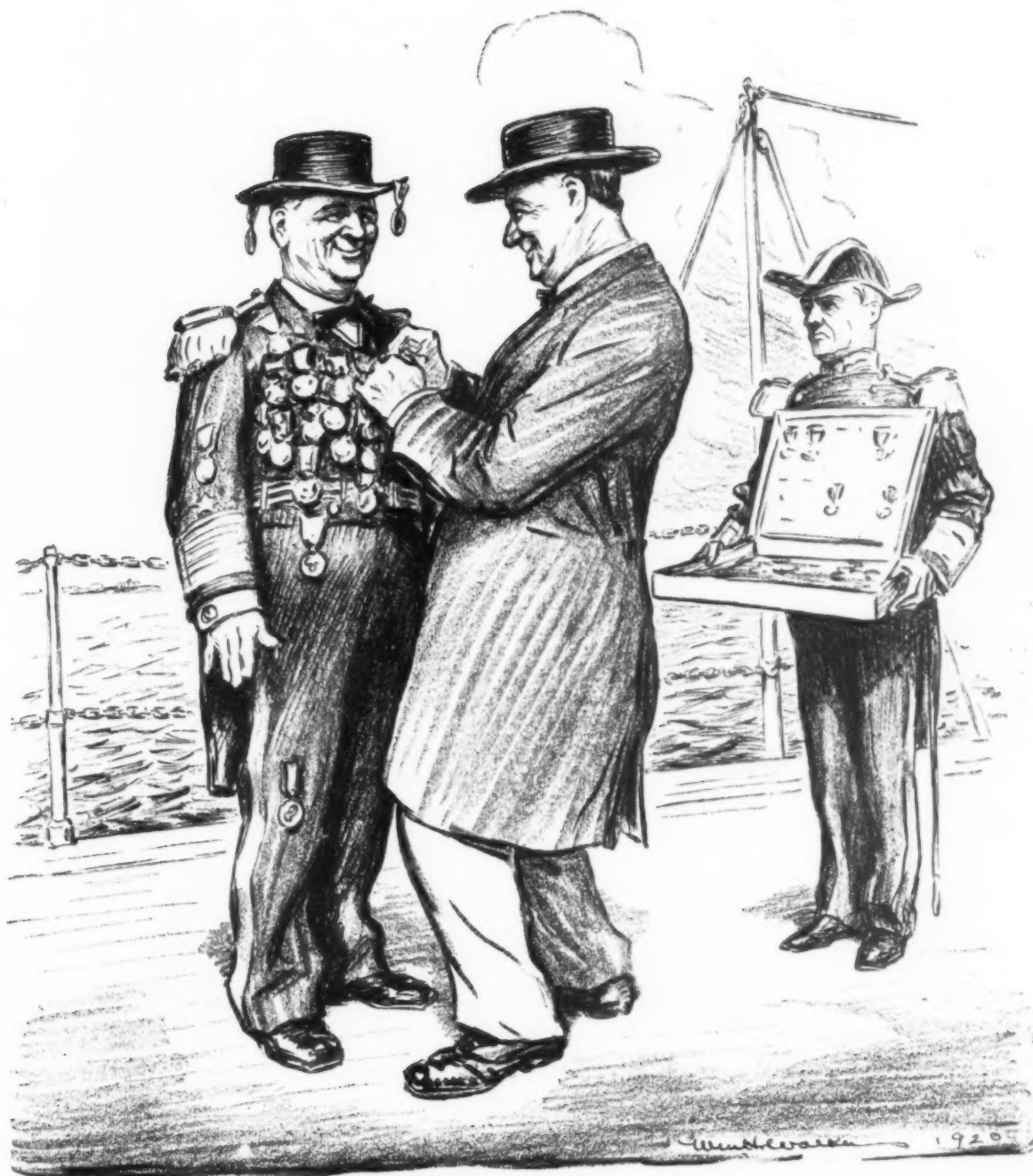
When he felled his first tree.

When he stopped the panic at the Little Gem movie theatre.

When he prevented Her from picking the poison ivy.

Is Childhood Serious?

MOST children act as though they were easily amused—by, let us say, Guignol of the Champs Élysées, the Central Park merry-go-round, or a game of tag on the front lawn; but, on the whole, childhood is a serious thing to have. It was the late Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson who spoke of a little girl, in charge of her still littler brother, as being among the most solemn sights in the world.



MEDALS FOR MEDDLING

Limited

MR. TRUXTON BEALE has offered through the Republican National Committee prizes aggregating ten thousand dollars for the best suggestions for a platform for the next Republican Convention. But why does he limit the contestants to those under twenty-five? Perhaps he feels that those over twenty-five, who have thought so

long about the fix their country is in, have worried so much about it that they are more or less incompetent to write any kind of a platform.

BRIGGS: They say Gilday's wife, at the end of three years, still loves him passionately.

GRIGGS: Well, he *would* marry her!



FEBRUARY 5
1920

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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HEARST'S New
York American
(Jan. 24th) had an
amusing story,
borrowed from
the Philadelphia

North American, and illustrated with portraits across the front page of the paper, about Col. House's dinner party, at which Lord Grey was present, whereat the presentation of Herbert Hoover as a presidential candidate was launched. The story, a fiction from beginning to end so far as the Hoover boom was concerned, was a detail of a Hearst campaign to represent Hoover as a British candidate, supported by lovers of England, and promoted by designing politicians. Mr. Hearst seems to object to Hoover as a candidate, and behaves just about as usual in advertising his objections. Whether Lord Grey would like Hoover to be President is not known and is not politically important. Whether Colonel House wants him has not been disclosed up to time of this writing. But neither dinners nor promotion of any sort seem to have had much to do with the sudden outgush of Hoover talk.

It came, logically, because it had to come. The long discussion of the Peace Treaty had ended in doubt whether the Treaty would win or fail. The Jackson dinner came. The proposal to make the Treaty the chief campaign issue was made and declined unmistakably by the country. It was accepted that Mr. Wilson's leadership could not be counted on any longer. There had to be a new man and a new issue, and thousands of minds turned about the same time to the same man, and the call for Hoover began.

It has been very funny to read the

comments of the politicians. Most of them insist upon knowing whether Hoover is a Republican or a Democrat. To them that seems important. To the people who want Hoover that seems not important at all. Like the *World* they will vote for him, whichever party nominates him, though doubtless it is expedient for technical reasons that one of the great parties should accept him as a candidate.



BUT Hoover does not stand for politics. You might say he stands rather for religion—for that side of religion which is good will to men. The strength of Mr. Wilson has been that he stood for a Christianized conception of government and especially of international relations. The people who have believed in him have thought of him as politically Christianized. They will think of Hoover the same way, except that, whereas Mr. Wilson's line was the philosophy of government, Hoover's line is economics. Mr. Wilson has sufficiently expounded what the deportment and the relations of nations ought to be; Hoover's natural errand seems to be to help them attain to that deportment and those relations. "In these days," says Sir George Paish, "every nation in the world is part of a great machine which cannot work smoothly and well without each nation producing, distributing and exchanging the things it is capable of producing and exchanging." Just so, but the machine is stalled. Hoover's captivating feature is the one that makes him look like the best man to get it running again.

Heaven knows we don't want him to discuss state rights or distribute post offices. People want him because he stands for the war; for what we did in it, and for what we ought to do now to finish the job. We put our hand to the plough and ran the furrow a considerable distance. Then we came up against an obstinate stump and have boggled over it so long that there is danger of our turning back. Hoover would help us somehow to get around the stump and go through. That's why people want him. They don't want to be quitters, and he looks like a man that would show them how not to quit.



WHETHER he will really be a candidate or not it's too soon to say. He is an idea. He is a great thought, a great longing, a duty and a hope—a hope properly boned and clad in a commodious garment of flesh, and used to go on the road our feet incline to travel. And as remarked he does not look very good to the politicians. They want to know what ticket he is in the habit of voting, what his views are, how he feels about Article X, and all that. They wish to be present when he says his catechism, and as to supporting him, that depends on what convention nominates him.

But it seems doubtful if Hoover ever learned any catechism, either political or ecclesiastical. His parents were Quakers. He doesn't belong to the lodge either in politics or religion. He's not a Presbyterian like Mr. Wilson, nor a Democrat like Mr. Wilson, but just a mining engineer with a gift for getting into a game when there is something interesting going on. His intrusion into the war was highly irregular. He was in it before it was five days old as the self-appointed guardian, banker and shepherd of distressed travelers who poured into London from the Continent. The papers in all that immense whirl of news found news space and cable space to record that a man named Hoover had turned up in London and was helping war refugees who were in trouble. He was so active and so efficient about it that it made talk. He has been helping people ever since, and doing it in a way that has

made talk so continuously that he has never had to talk about himself. One can hardly imagine Hoover talking about himself or being interested in the subject. But by common consent he was the boss helper that the world produced, and now people's minds instinctively turn to him as the likeliest man to help a world that needs help about as much as a naked baby sitting on a cake of ice.

If he is only an idea and not a real candidate at all, he is at least a timely idea and one that it is highly creditable to cultivate. The disposition he embodies is the right disposition. Reed of Missouri joins Hearst in a roar that he is a British sympathizer. Let us hope so, for Britain has a heavy load on her shoulders and needs more than sympathy from us. She is loaded up with Europe, the same Europe in whose concerns we took so much interest a year and a half ago and whose welfare, as we saw it, we were at so much cost and pains to promote.

It is odd that Hearst and Reed and the other England haters do not point out that England has sent over here a subtle emissary, Sir Oliver Lodge, to get us interested in the supernatural side of religion, and the almost supernatural discoveries and aspirations of science, and so by prying our minds loose from too exclusive consideration of material things, make us hospitable to larger views about our relations to human life and even to Europe. It was very naughty and suspicious of England to slip Sir Oliver over here to talk to large audiences about spiritism and physics. He believes that "the scientific acceptance of the fact of communication with the dead will revolutionize the world, and turn people toward religion," and if it does, and does it in time, it will turn our people toward Hoover, or the Hoover idea, and excite them to do their part to pull the world out of the hole that it is in before it goes completely to the bow-wows. When Reed and Hearst



IN NO NEED OF A SPECIALIST

discover that Sir Oliver is a British emissary sent to help the Hoover boom by getting people excited about religion, there will be trouble; at least there will be noise. But, of course, that's all in the day's work and we can't help it.

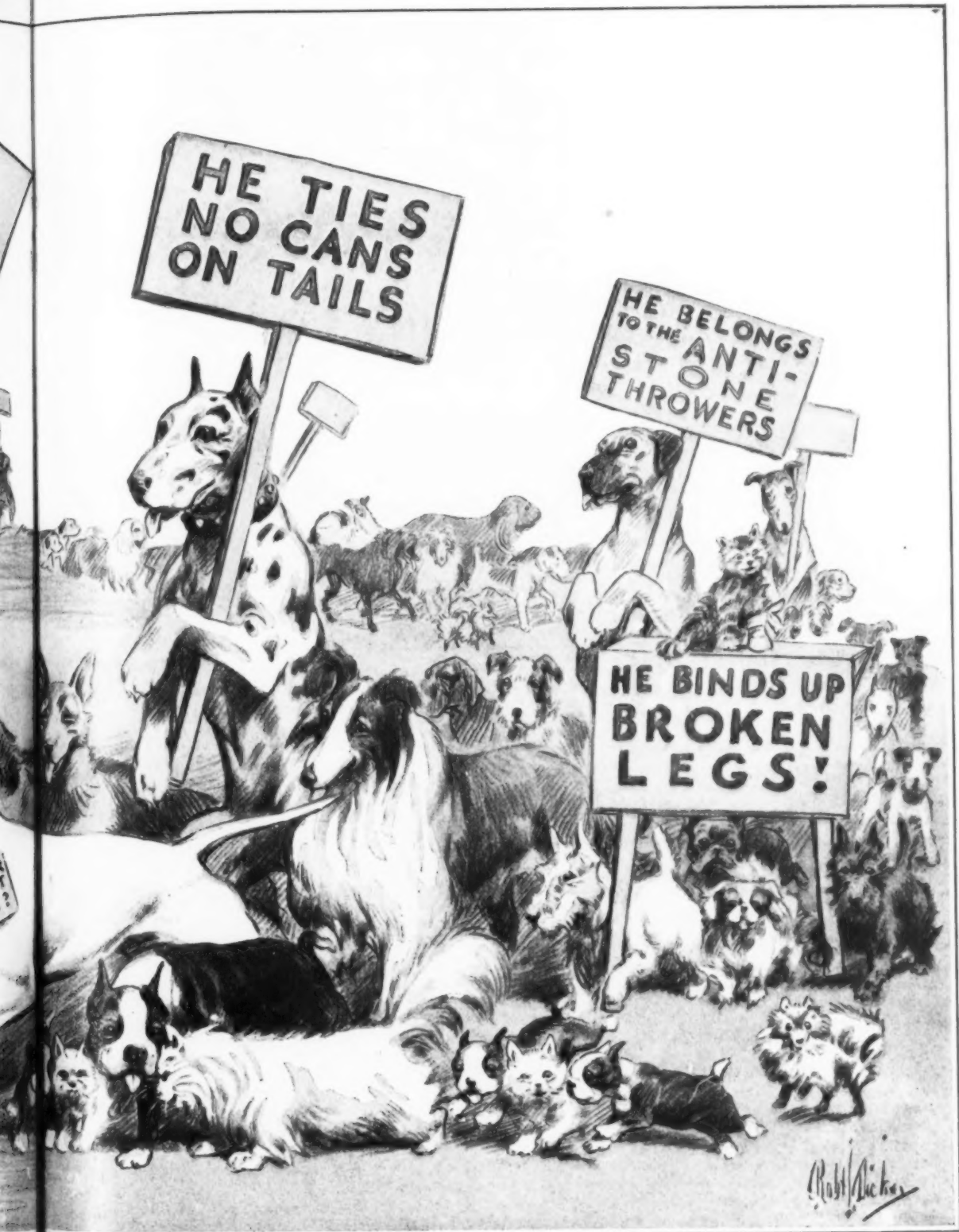


THERE seems to be a lull in the pursuit of Reds. It began with the conviction that there were a lot of imported enthusiasts in the country with revolutionary ideas about the relation of labor and capital, who were stirring up strife when no urgent need

of it existed, and were throwing more wrenches into our machinery of production than it could digest. That conviction undoubtedly had plenty of foundation. Attorney-General Palmer embraced it with fervor, and let loose his Secret Service against all plotters against the established industrial and political order. The Secret Service net came in full, and the job of shipping its contents back to Europe began with the loading and departure of the Buford. Then the Republican Assembly at Albany, fired, possibly, by this showing of Democratic activity, excluded the five Socialist members and began to try them for heretical opinions. But that made trouble. The suspicion that Mr. Palmer's net had gathered in too large a proportion of comparatively, or wholly, innocent people had caused uneasiness, and Speaker Sweet's exploit in the Assembly sharpened it into alarm. Folks began to say: If these enthusiastic brethren can discipline anyone they choose for views that they disapprove, how long will it be before our turn comes? "Liberty and order" is a splendid slogan; "Order" is quite a fine slogan by itself; but Order without Liberty is no slogan at all for the people of these States.

So the Bar Association took up the case of Speaker Sweet and the Socialists, and the newspapers began to roar at the Assembly and at Attorney-General Palmer, and the attention of experts was drawn to the proposed Sedition bill in Congress, and the idea began to get around again that perhaps the use of forcible suppression could be overdone in dealing with ideas that were in conflict with accepted opinion. So inquisitors and deporters are now moving unobtrusively towards the back benches, and it is time they did.







Not Even for Highbrows

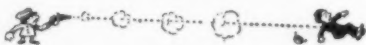
WHY do they do them? Meaning Russian plays. Without them the visible supply of gloom seems ample. We have Prohibition, the high cost of living, strikes, an obstinate and self-centred President, Josephus Daniels, William Jennings Bryan, Mayor Hylan, *vers libre*, the servant problem, and lots of other sources of depression. Why should we add to them plays like those of Gorky and Tolstoy?

A partial answer may be found by going to the performances and observing the persons who drool over them. Heavy-rimmed glasses, eccentricity of hair and dress, and an evident unfamiliarity with the bath, mark these devotees of foreign low-life. And their patronage may be explained either on the theory of a degeneracy that revels in the sordid and revolting or of an affectation of superiority in admiring what wholesome minds find repulsive. If the gloom was that of high and moving tragedy, portrayed and interpreted by genius, it might be forgiven and even admired. To like the kind of gloom that exhales from the muck-heap is less a matter of taste than a symptom, easy of explanation by experts in morbid mentality.



"THE POWER OF DARKNESS," whose Tolstoyan philosophy is that by open confession a man may clear himself of the terror of his crimes and be at peace with God and his neighbors, is interpreted in this case by a microscopic view of the life of sordid Russian peasants. The tragedy is supplied by those most cowardly of crimes, murder by poisoning and infanticide by a pusillanimous father.

Helen Westley, Frank Reicher and a numerous cast bring to the acting better work than the material deserves, the production is adequate, and the translator puts academic English into the mouths of the illiterate Russian peasants. All of this is a waste, in spite of the fact that some persons have expressed the opinion that "The Power of Darkness" is a remarkable play. In the same sense limburger is a remarkable cheese.



THERE'S very good acting in "Big Game," and this, combined with a reality of atmosphere, makes the play more convincing than most of those that have chosen the wilds of British America for their scene. The audience really feels being shut in by the snow and the sense of distance from legal process, on which the plot hangs for its interest. The old, primitive physical struggle of men for the possession of woman does not seem at all incredible in these surroundings, and the interest in the contest is well sustained to the very end. Much of this is due to the clear-cut portrayal of character by Pauline Lord and Messrs. George Gaul, Alan Dinehart and the other members of the cast. The story is realistic



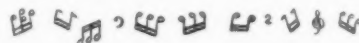
"SHE'S FEELING BAD ABOUT SOMETHING."

"BY JOVE, MARIA, YOUR FEMININE INTUITION MUST BE A WONDERFUL GIFT TO POSSESS!"

tragedy, but it is told so graphically and with such occasional touches of humor that it is more interesting than depressing. "Big Game" is quite worth seeing as a play and for the way in which it is done.



EVEN in rural Pennsylvania a *corpus delictus* is an essential to a trial for murder, and the omission of this detail is the only thing that makes possible the play of "Pietro." But even this oversight might have been forgiven if the plot, with its premise lacking, gave better opportunities for the charm of Mr. Otis Skinner's acting. The rôle of the Italian laborer who has become prosperous, with his admirable qualities and geniality, is neither heroic nor sympathetic, and very little humorous. A mediocre support and a most uninspiring leading woman do not help the interest. Even the inclusion of Mary Shaw as one of the most remarkable vampires of contemporary drama fails to rouse enthusiasm. Mr. Skinner needs and deserves a good play and a good company.



WHETHER or no its revival also revives the old discussion as to whether "Ruddigore" should be pronounced as it is spelled or follow certain British eccentricities of pronunciation and be called "Ruddigory" (with the accent on the second syllable) is not half so important as that it has added another success to the repertory of the Society of American Singers. If it goes on as it has, it will not be long



SALESMANSHIP

before that organization will be able to fill out a complete season with weekly changes of bill. Then, with its material assured, it can devote its entire attention every year to polishing its productions and performances, and the public will be sure of one theatre where it can go to hear good light operas well rendered.

The interest in the hitherto unfamiliar "Ruddigore," which possesses quite as much fun and music as some other of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, should be an incentive to other similar revivals of works forgotten by the present generation. There seem to be possibilities in "Fatinitza," "Olivette," "Mascotte" and hosts of others of their period. They certainly ought to compete successfully with a large percentage of the present girl-and-music output. Metcalfe.



Astor.—"East Is West," by Messrs. Shipman and Hymer, with Fay Bainter as the star. Well acted and interesting play of Chinese-American life in San Francisco.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter," by Messrs. Scarborough and Belasco, with Leonore Ulric. Melodrama of Chinese political plot in New York's Chinatown, brilliantly staged.

Bijou.—"His Honor Abe Potash," by Messrs. Glass and Goodman, with Barney Bernard in the title role. An additional amusing chapter in the history of the Potash and Perlmutter firm.

Booth.—"The Purple Mask," by Mr. Matheson Lang, with Mr. Leo Ditrichstein. Good old costume melodrama of the period of the first Napoleon.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through," by Mr. A. L. Martin, with Jane Cowl. Sweetly picturesque, sentimental and spiritualistic play, well done.

Casino.—"The Little Whopper," by Messrs. Harbach and Friml. Girls' boarding-school adventures, amusing and punctuated with music.

Century.—"Aphrodite." The sin and splendor of ancient Alexandria set forth in gorgeous spectacle.

Century Grove.—"Midnight Whirl." Cabaret excuse for being awake when you ought to be asleep.

Central.—"As You Were," with Mr. Sam Bernard and Irene Bordoni. Notice later.

Cohan.—"One Night in Rome," by Mr. Hartley Manners, with Laurette Taylor. The star in an interesting play makes fortune-telling attractive and almost reputable.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Acquittal," by Rita Weiman. Highly graphic and well played crime melodrama.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends," by Messrs. Nvtray and Mandel, with Mr. Clifton Crawford. Farcical comedy completely saturated with laughter.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln," by Mr. John Drinkwater. An impressive and poetical lesson in true Americanism.

Criterion.—"Pietro," by Maud Skinner and Mr. J. E. Goodman, with Mr. Otis Skinner. See above.

Empire.—"Declassée," by Zoe Akins, with Ethel Barrymore. Anglo-American society drama with the star in a most congenial part.

Eltinge.—"The Girl in the Limousine," by Messrs. Collison and Hopwood. Diverting bedroom farce.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Storm," by Mr. Langdon McCormick. A forest-fire the most interesting incident in a melodrama of the Northwest.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Frivolities of 1920." Girl-and-music show, gorgeous, stupid and vulgar.

Gaiety.—"Lightmin'." by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. Character comedy of Reno and divorce. Laughable and well done.

Garrick.—"Tolstoy's 'The Power of Darkness.'" See above.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms," by Messrs. Kreisler, Jacobi and Le Baron. An unusually dainty and musical example of what the girl-and-music show should be.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells," by Mr. Salisbury Field. Light comedy, ingenious, laughable and admirably played.

Henry Miller's.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair," by Mr. James Forbes, with Blanche Bates and Henry Miller. Very clever and excellently staged satirical comedy with its target the woman who deserts her real duties for a public career.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Spectacle, ballet and vaudeville on a big scale.

Hudson.—"Clarence," by Mr. Booth Tarkington. Youthful existence in the Middle West amusingly displayed in slender comedy.

Little.—"Mamma's Affair," by Rachel B. Butler. Delightful comedy study in feminine foibles, very well interpreted.

Longacre.—"Adam and Eva," by Messrs. Bolton and Middleton. Comedy demonstration of one way to deal with an extravagant family.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers," by Mr. Avery Hopwood, with Ina Claire. The New York chorus-girl in amusing microscopic analysis.

Lyric.—"As You Were," by Messrs. Hammerstein and Stothart. Girl-and-music show with pleasing qualities.

Manhattan Opera House.—"The Light of the World." Picturesque evasion of the American prejudice against the stage performance of the Passion Play.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Trimmed in Scarlet," by Mr. William Hurlbut, with Miss Maxine Elliott. Notice later.

Morocco.—"For the Defence," by Mr. Elmer Rice, with Mr. Richard Bennett. Absorbing and well staged sex melodrama with its crime very perplexing.

Nora Bayes.—"My Golden Girl," by Messrs. Herbert and Kummer. Notice later.

Park.—Repertory of light operas, pleasingly done.

Playhouse.—"The Ruined Lady," by Frances Nordstrom, with Grace George. Notice later.

Plymouth.—"The Jest," by Mr. Sem Benelli, with Mr. John Barrymore. Powerful Florentine melodrama, well done.

Punch and Judy.—Closed.

Republic.—"The Sign on the Door," by Mr. Channing Pollock. Wonderful criminality and sexuality in ingenious melodramatic portrayal.

Selwyn.—"Buddies," by Messrs. Hobart and Hilliam. Musical features agreeably introduced in a romance of the A. E. F. in France.

Shubert.—"The Magic Melody," by Messrs. Kummer and Romberg. Musical play of unusual musical and dramatic elaboration.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Scandal," by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton. Witty written and well played sex comedy.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene," by Messrs. Montgomery and Tierney, with Edith Day. Girl-and-music show, much better than usual in material and performance.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." A gorgeous alleviation, in the way of girl-and-music entertainment, for the sad lot of the t. b. m.

The Ancient Church in Grumble Centre



THE members of that old church loved one another about as much as most church members love one another to-day, and they fought one another with equal zest. The prayer meetings enjoyed the same degree of stagnation found in most prayer meetings of to-day. Deacon Long and Deacon Graft had a monopoly on the spare time. Deacon Long was the champion long-distance prayer-maker in the empire. He could cover more ground in thirty minutes than any living man or woman.

The choir came in for the usual compliments. If a soloist sang sheet music she was trying to show off; if she sang a Gospel hymn she was too lazy to prepare anything else. Some of the singers opened their mouths too wide and some didn't open them wide enough. One changed her facial expression every nine seconds, and another was as expressionless as the Sphinx. If the chorister asked the elderly people to join the choir he was accused of organizing a society of antediluvians; if he asked the young people, he was collecting a kindergarten. As for the pastor, if he said too much about the topics of the day, he was forsaking the Gospel; if he stuck to the Gospel he was an old fogey and out of date. Some of the people complained because he didn't call enough, and others said: "We don't want our minister to pull doorbells; we want him to preach sermons." But one thing about the minister never changed—his salary was "the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

Some of the people in that church were strong, and some were weak; some could go to the Colosseum six days a week and go to church on Sunday with a face that would make a sunbeam green with envy; others could go once and come home with their religion blown to atoms. Some people opened wide their purses and gave liberally, and others who gave a dime found the shock so great it took them a week to get over it. That ancient church was very modern.



"MOTHER, DON'T YOU SUPPOSE THE LORD GETS AWFUL SICK O' HEARIN' THE SAME OLD PRAYERS NIGHT AFTER NIGHT?"

Nowadays

FRIEND: How's business?

MANUFACTURER: Not bad. With the government wanting seventy-five per cent. of the profits and the employees fifty per cent., I'm not running over twenty-five per cent. in the hole.



BEFORE THEY BECAME BOY SCOUTS—



"HOW LONG ARE YOU FELLOWS GOING TO KEEP UP THIS GAME?"

Too Bad

IS it not rather remarkable that Maurice Maeterlinck, himself an idealist not to be sneezed at, should have declared that we are a nation of idealists, and yet should not have been able to make himself understood? Apparently M. Maeterlinck does not

speak the same language that we do. This is extremely painful, especially when we have been under Mr. Wilson's instruction so long. If we idealists cannot stand together, what, indeed, is to become of the world?

M. Maeterlinck, of course, was badly handicapped at the start. His idealism was side-tracked by Mrs. Van-

derbilt. His bluebird was Manhattanized. It took for its slogan, "It pays to advertise," instead of, "Heaven lies within us."

M. Maeterlinck would have done much better if he had taken a bee as his trade mark. His bee would have consorted with all the presidential bees that are now floating about. As these bees are each and all of them exponents of idealism, Maeterlinck's bee would have had a run for his money. He would have gathered in much more honey than the bluebird.



AND AFTER

RECIPE for Making a Boy Scout:

Mix well the tenderness, love and charity of mother with the endurance, broad-mindedness and strength of dad; add the integrity of grandfather prized in the family name; season with the protecting kindness of grandmother, and sprinkle well with the purity of a girl.

PARKE: They tell me your daughter is remarkably well-educated and accomplished.

LANE: I should say so. Why, that girl hasn't lived at home since she was five years old.



THE ORIGINAL BOY SCOUT

What We Missed



WISH there had been Boy Scouts when I was a kid. I realize now how much nobler a man, physically and morally, I might have become, had I been, during the formative period of youth, under the good influence of a kind, gentle scoutmaster and within the chivalric environment of a troop of scouts.

But instead of that, when our "gang" went off to the woods on a Saturday, as soon as we got out of

sight of our mothers, "Peck" Barker and "Soggy" Jones got into a fight to settle who was to be the Big Chief for the day. And sometimes they would pick sides, and the whole gang of us would be Mohawks on one side and Sioux on the other, and the side that pulled the most hair out, counting ten hairs to a "scalp," were bosses for the day, and the side that were licked had to do just what the other fellows said.

But we had the most fun when we got into the woods and ran in with Old Hank Mellish. He was a real old

scout—had been out West and up North and everywhere, and now he spent his old days trailing skunks and trapping muskrats. He was our individual and collective hero, and he taught us more tough things, like chewing and squirting and juicy cuss-words, in half an hour than a scoutmaster could counteract in a month of Sunday-school, with Christmas and Santa Claus thrown in. Nowadays, Boy Scouts are obligated to do a kind act or say a kind word every chance

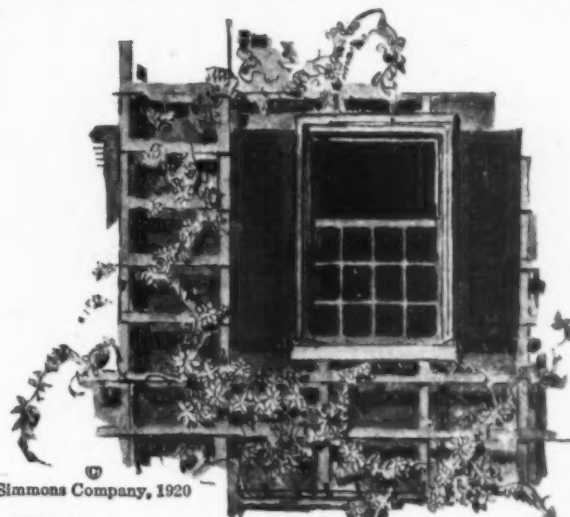
(Continued on page 237)



MR. COMMON PEOPLE, BOUND HAND AND FOOT AND TIED IN A SACK, WILL EXTRICATE HIMSELF UNDER WATER (MAYBE)



Father: DON'T TELL ME HOW TO RUN THIS BUSINESS, BOY. I'VE FORGOTTEN MORE THAN YOU EVER KNEW ABOUT IT. "THAT'S JUST IT, DAD. NOWADAYS WE DON'T TRUST TO MEMORY. WE CARD-INDEX EVERYTHING."



Why the Doctor Advocates Twin Beds

GET a good, sound sleep every night—every nerve, every muscle relaxed—and Nature will fill your body with new energy, and wake you up fit and fine.

Every muscle relaxed! No one can sleep perfectly with nerves on edge or muscles tense.

This is the reason why doctors are urging *Twin Beds*—so one sleeper will not disturb the other, or communicate a cold or other ailment.

The reason, too, why you should be sure your bed is *noiseless*. Just the little creak of a wooden bed, or the rattle of an ordinary metal bed, is enough to put the nerves on edge, even though it may not actually wake you up.

The truly *noiseless* Bed is the Simmons Metal Bed—*built for sleep*.

Just as the truly *sleep-inducing* Spring is a Simmons Spring—a fine,

resilient spring that invites the body to relax.

Years ago Simmons Company established the principle of Beds and Springs *built for sleep*.

It is today the largest maker of fine Metal Beds and Springs in the world.

It is a specialist in *Twin Beds*—a pioneer in that fine modern principle of a separate bed for each sleeper.

* * *

Simmons Metal Beds and Springs are the most sought after sleeping equipment in leading stores all over the country.

The prices are little if any higher than for ordinary beds.

And when you are selecting your Simmons Beds with an eye to their appearance in the room, you will see that Simmons has for the first time established *beautiful and authoritative design* in Metal Beds.

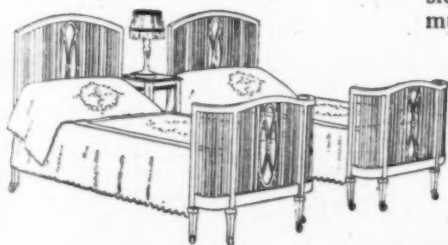
Sleep is a big subject! Write us for the brochure, "What Leading Medical Journals and Health Magazines Say about Separate Beds and Sound Sleep." Free of charge.

SIMMONS COMPANY

ELIZABETH ATLANTA KENOSHA SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

(Executive Offices: Kenosha, Wis.)

SIMMONS BEDS—*Built for Sleep*



The "MONTROSS" No. 1990—in Twin Pair

Made of Simmons' new Square Steel Tubing—Seamless, smooth and beautifully finished.

Exquisitely enameled in the accepted Decorative Colors.

Has the Simmons patented pressed steel *Noiseless Corner Locks*. Easy rolling casters.

Your choice of Twin Pair and Double Width. Specially pleasing in *Twin Pair*.



Nothing to Fall Back On

"You must give up coffee and—"

"I never drink it, doctor."

"And stop smoking."

"I don't smoke."

"Humph! that's bad. If you haven't anything to give up, I'm afraid I can't do much for you."—*Boston Transcript.*

His Position

"What is your position on this great question?"

"My position," replied Senator Sorghum, "is somewhat like that of a 'ight-rope walker. I don't want to stop to argue or show off. What I want to do is to get across to solid ground."

—*Washington Star.*

"Didn't you shudder, Rastus, as you cut down those Germans, man after man?"

"Man after man? Yessuh, when that live man got after this man Ah shud-dah'd three miles."—*Home Sector.*



PLAIN ENGLISH

Osculatory

The gob was on shore-leave and happy because he had found a girl as affectionate as he. His joy was dimmed, however, for a bluecoat had forbidden spooning in the park, and his girl had tabued it in the streets. But life took a new turn when he saw a man kiss his wife farewell in front of the Pennsylvania Station, New York. He rushed his girl toward a crowd hurrying toward the Philadelphia express, and bade her a fond farewell. When the crowd thinned, they joined a throng for Washington, and repeated the act. They repeated it again before the Chicago train.

This was too much for a colored porter who had been watching. He stepped up to the gob. "Boss," he said, "why don't you go downstairs and try the Long Island Station? Dem local trains am a-leavin' mos' all de time!"

—*Everybody's.*

A PRETTY problem is presented nowadays by the desirability of carrying your bag in such a way as not to arouse the suspicion that you have just robbed a hotel or held up a club.

—*New York Evening Post.*

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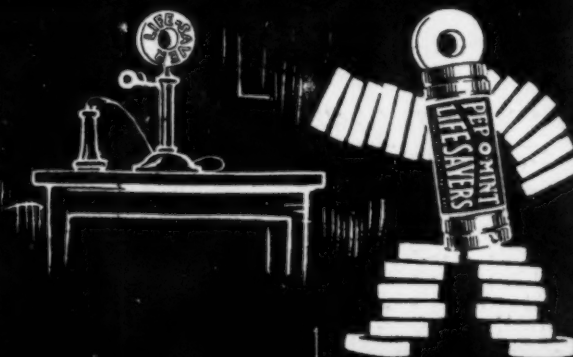
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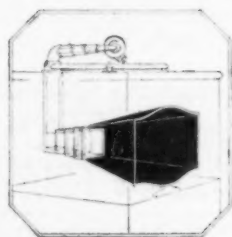
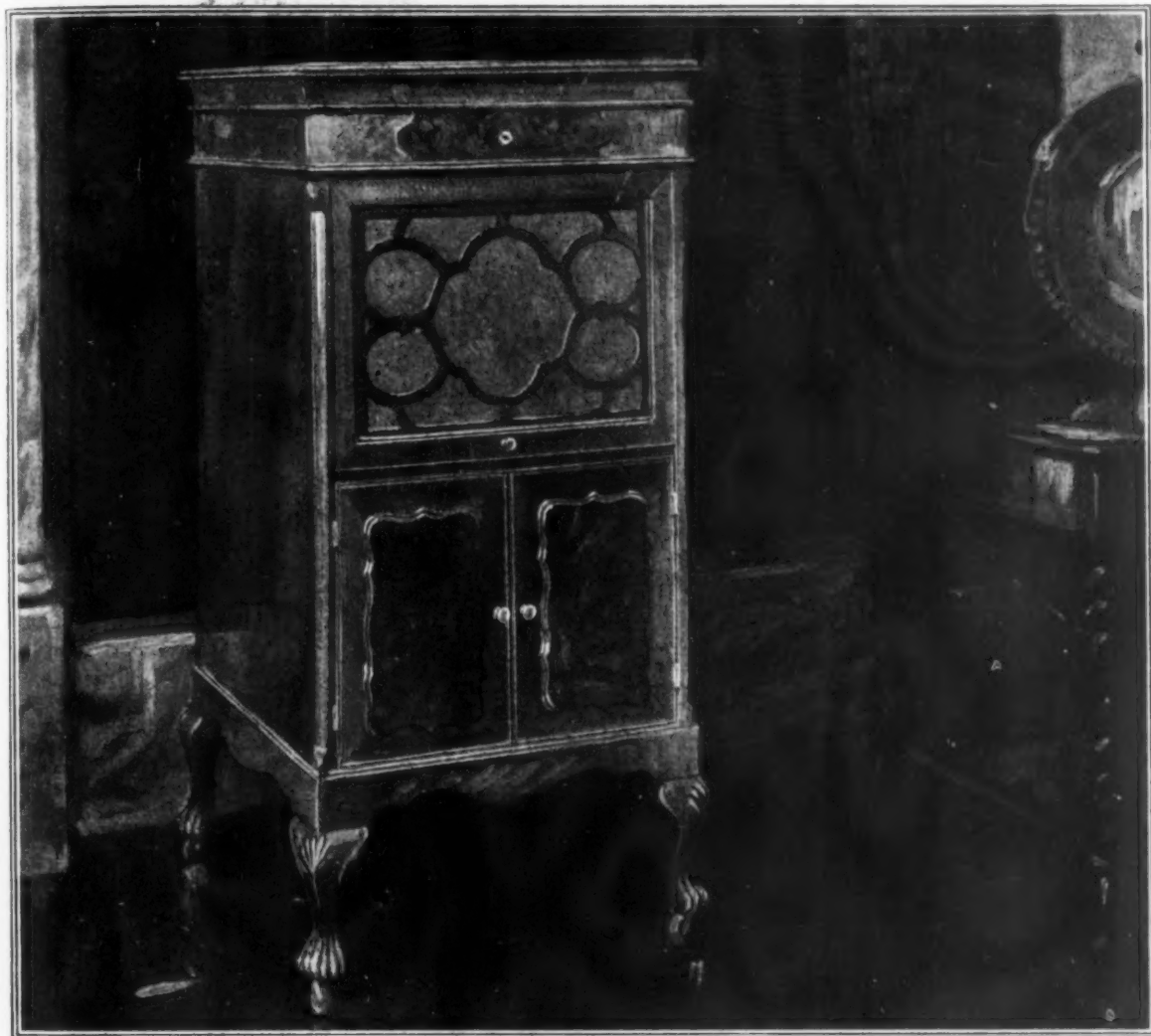
Life Savers have the call where a happy, snappy quality confection is desired. Every ring is pure and holesome. Clean sugar and tongue-tingling flavors. You can tell a phoney "life saver" by its lack of "life" and "savor." Get the genuine-The Candy Mint with the Hole



LIFE SAVERS

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

PEP-O-MINT WINT-O-GREEN CL-O-VE LIC-O-RICE CIN-O-MON



The violin-shaped resonator of The Cheney creates true tonal beauty and adds rare quality to vocal or instrumental records.

The Spirit of Music, joyous as the song of birds, lives in The Cheney. Transcendent beauty of tone, the gift of acoustic science, and consummate art in cabinet-making, give The Cheney unique distinction.

Cheney tone supremacy rests securely upon basic patents which cover an entirely original application of acoustic principles to the problem of tone reproduction.

This master instrument plays *all* records—*better* than ever they were played before.

CHENEY TALKING MACHINE COMPANY • CHICAGO
DEALERS EVERYWHERE

The
CHENEY

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



One Good Thing

"There is one good thing about this vers libre."

"What's that?"

"Nobody has tried to set any of it to a popular song."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Some Service

General Washington Lee was the most boastful darky in the regiment. All the way across on the transport he had been telling the world what he was going to do to the German army. Naturally, when the outfit finally arrived in the front lines his companions looked for him to produce. But Wash appeared to be in no hurry.

"Yo' all so brave, why don' yo' go out an' git some of dem Jumman lak yo' said?" sneered one.

"Ah's gwine, Ah's gwine. Gimme time," responded George.



EGYPTIAN DEITIES

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably
PREFER Deities
to any other cigarette

30¢

Smarques

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

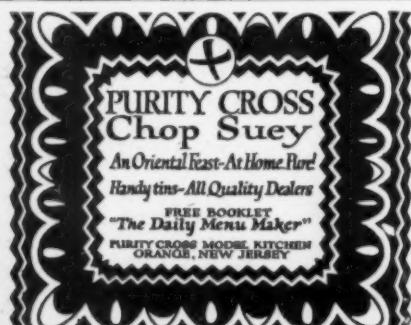
FOWNES

NAME IN EVERY PAIR

Those who sell
Fownes Gloves
do not have to
force or explain
their wares.
Since 1777
buyers have
found them
the best of

GLOVES

FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN



Made by a Master Chef—in a Model Kitchen—**PURITY CROSS** Chicken a la King, Welsh Rarebit, Creamed Finnan Haddie, Lobster Newburg, Creamed Spaghetti au Gratin, Deviled Chicken, Deviled Ham, Deviled Tongue, Baked Chicken, Vienna Style Sausage, Corned Beef Hash, etc.

He peeked cautiously over the top. Seeing no activity from the German line, he crawled over and finally stood erect.

"Come on, Jumman," he quavered.

Then he waited. Silence reigned supreme.

"Come on, yo' cowards!" he shouted, feeling safe at last. "Come on out heah and meet yo' master. Come on, show me somethin', Ah'm waitin'."

At that moment a German artilleryman dropped a shell within a dozen yards of Wash. The explosion blew him unhurt back into his own trench.

"What yo' got ter say now?" taunted a companion.

Wash considered.

"Well," he retorted, "no matter what you say about dem Jumman, yo' gotta admit they suah gives yo' service when yo' ask fo' it."—Home Sector.



BINKS DISCOVERS WHERE THE FORMER
OCCUPANT OF HIS SEAT AT THE MOVIES
HAD PARKED HER GUM

Comparisons Are G. B. S.

The latest of Mr. Bernard Shaw's many comparisons between the Englishman and the Irishman is: "There is one point on which the Englishman is superior to the Irishman. If an Englishman calls an Irishman a fool, the Irishman flames into a rage (being the most self-satisfied snob on God's earth) and knocks the Englishman down if he can, or reviles him if he cannot. But if an Irishman calls an Englishman a fool, the Englishman goes away sorrowfully and says to himself, 'God forgive me; so I am. That Irish beast was right. Something must be done.'"

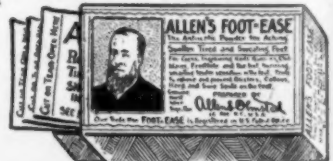
"I am not quite sure," remarks a writer in the London *Observer*, "how that fits into the present difficult situation; but it looks, at a cursory glance, as if each had called the other several kinds of fool quite recently."—Boston Transcript.

To stop the pain of
Corns, Bunions, Callouses, Blisters, Tired,
Aching, Swollen, Tender Feet, use

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder to Shake
Into Your Shoes and sprinkle in the Foot-
bath.

Sold everywhere. Be sure to get this
package—



158 GENUINE FOREIGN STAMPS—Mexico, War Issues, Venezuela, Salvador and 10c India Service, Guatemala, China, etc. Only **Finest Approval Sheets 50 to 60 per cent. AGENTS WANTED**. Big 72-p. lists Free. We Buy Stamps. Established 25 yrs. **HUSSMAN STAMP CO.**, Dept. 79, ST. LOUIS, MO.

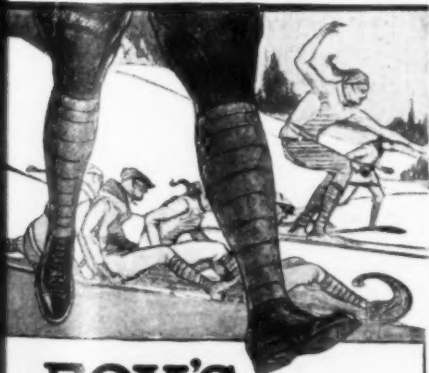
What We Missed

(Continued from page 232)

they get. But not so were we. If we saw a farmer backed up against a fence by a balky mule, did we all run to his rescue and tell him how sorry we felt? I should laugh! We just all whooped it up around that mule until he got crazy and started off down the lot as if his tail was ablaze. Then the farmer chased us with a dog and a gun. Sport? Why, a Boy Scout doesn't know anything about it, hiking along with a broomstick in his fist and using a compass to find out where the sun sets. Still, as I said, I think I would have been of more account, and held a higher position in the esteem of the world, if I could have had the advantage of Boy Scouting. As I look back on my wild and wasted youth, it is a marvel to me that I am not at this minute serving a life sentence in the penitentiary. But what amazes me even more, both "Peck" Barker and "Soggy" Jones have so far escaped hanging. One is a prosecuting attorney, and the other is representative from our congressional district. But think what they might have become if we had had a troop of scouts in Higgs Upper Village!

Frederick Moxon.

THE beginning of feminine adoration for the uniform: When a little girl sees the boy next door in his Boy Scout clothes.



FOX'S "F.P." PUTTEES

For warmth, comfort, and smartness Fox's Spiral Puttees are unequalled for winter sports. Made of the finest English wool, in curved form, they fit the leg in trim, neat spirals and will not fray or ravel at the edges or bind the leg like ordinary puttees. Colors—khaki, forest green, cadet blue, etc.

The genuine Fox's—the puttee of the world—have a small brass tag with the name and the letter R or L for right or left, on each puttee. If your dealer hasn't them we'll supply you direct.

Regulation Heavy Weight - \$4.00
Extra Fine Light Weight - \$4.50
Extra Fine Light Shade - \$5.00

THE MANLEY-JOHNSON CORPORATION
260 W. Broadway
Dept. 7 New York City

R

L

TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELRY SILVERWARE STATIONERY
WATCHES AND CLOCKS

NOTED FOR QUALITY

PURCHASES MAY BE MADE BY MAIL

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



IF THE PROFITEER COULD BE COMPELLED TO REIMBURSE HIS VICTIMS



*Just as if you selected
the sweets in the SAMPLER
from ten different packages of Whitman's*

The candies in the Sampler were really selected by the millions of Americans who have enjoyed Whitman's since 1842. We packed selections from ten of our best-liked packages in the Sampler—sweets assorted just right for most people, and a charming introduction to ten separate Whitman's products.

Whitman's

Selected stores everywhere (usually the best Drug Store) are agents for the sale of the Sampler and the other Whitman packages.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"Journey's End"

SHE was lonesome. The men of her town were gone; yet of all the glorious group that had marched so bravely away, not one had belonged especially to her. Not one had written her a letter; not one had even suggested that he would appreciate a scarf made by her skilful fingers. She had made the scarf, however, and had sent it to an unknown through the Red Cross. With it, attached firmly to the fringe, went a loving message. It was a lonesome soldier who received

it. Glad to have someone to thank for something, he wrote a grateful note immediately. Of course she answered, and their letters soon became precious to each other.

When the war was over and her soldier boy was homeward bound, she hastened to New York to greet him. At the appointed place she waited with eager heart. A stalwart soldier, recognizing her by the emblem previously agreed upon, came rushing toward her. He was as black as precious coal. But then—so was she.



Send for a Complete Catalogue of
MASONIC BOOKS
Jewelry and Goods
REDDING & CO.
Publishers and Manufacturers
Dept. L. 200 Fifth Avenue, New York



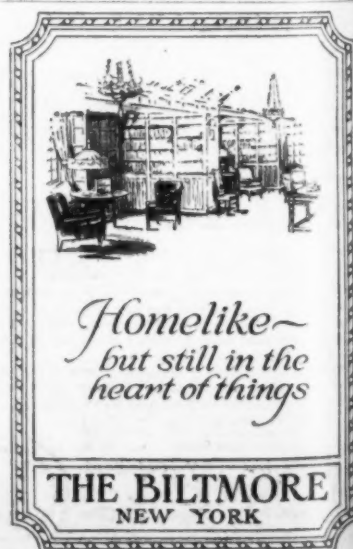
PORTENTOUS

"WELL, ANNIE, I DON'T THINK WE'LL BE ABLE TO BUY A NEW DINING-ROOM SET."
"OH, GEORGE!"
"NO—THE LANDLORD JUST BOUGHT A NEW CAR."

The Shrew

SHE glories in a haughty air,
A stinging style, a cutting tongue,
Of an antipathy to spare
The feelings of the old or young;
She boasts of freezing people out,
Of being unafraid to say
What she may think of those about,
Or those who may be far away;
And yet, she dares to wonder why,
Although she scorns to make amends,
Folks are disposed to pass her by,
And she's so strangely free of friends.
Ralph M. Thomson.

"DOES your son ever complain?"
"Whenever he does, I bring out his army uniform."



*Homelike—
but still in the
heart of things*

THE BILTMORE
NEW YORK



THIS IS A
 "PICTURE" RUG
 OF KIRMAN WEAVE
 DEPICTING
 ABRAHAM ABOUT
 TO SACRIFICE
 ISAAC

Our collections also embrace
 Ghiordes, Koula, Ferraghan and
 other famous weaves coveted
 by lovers of early Eastern art.

WE are also the Mecca for Antique and Modern Oriental Carpets, searching the East for its most ancient examples, and evolving from our own looms designs inspired by the antique, and so faithfully reproduced as to conceal their modern origin from all but the practised eye.

Rugs of any desired dimension, design, or color, woven to meet your special requirements. Thus our assortments are bounded, not by what we have, but by what you want.

Just specify your particular needs; our facilities are at your service.

W. & J. SLOANE

Direct Importers of Eastern Rugs

Interior Decorators

Floor Coverings and Fabrics

Furniture Makers

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



*"All you need is
a little toning-up"*

BUT," you may say, "tonics merely stimulate for the time being." True—for most tonics. But there is one tonic that does more—a tonic that rebuilds—a tonic that adds to the very substance of blood and tissue, thus promoting health and vigor in a natural, lasting fashion. That is Sanatogen, the food-tonic.

Not a mere claim—but the sum total of the recorded experience of the medical profession and the testimony of thousands of men and women in all walks of life, including leaders like Lady Henry Somerset, who writes:

"Sanatogen undoubtedly restores sleep, invigorates the nerves and braces the patient to health."

And also Olive Schreiner, the gifted writer, who says:

"Nothing that I have taken for years has given me such a sense of vigor as Sanatogen."

When all you need is a toning-up, you need Sanatogen.

Write for interesting booklet to

THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., Inc.
115 W. 18th Street, New York City.

Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913.



Sanatogen
Endorsed by Physicians the World Over



How to Save Paper

FATHER: If the newspapers really want to save paper, I don't see why they don't throw out this fashion and magazine page and this moving picture rot. They seem to be slighting the markets in order to reduce their size.

MOTHER: I do wish the newspapers would seize this opportunity to eliminate the degrading comics. The children simply pore over them. But I suppose they will discontinue the women's page before they do that.

BROTHER BOB: I don't see why they don't transfer some of the ads over on the editorial page and give us some sport news.

The Baffling Psychic Phenomenon of the 20th Century

PSYCHO!

What is it? Do you want to be **ASTONISHED!** **PERPLEXED!** **MYSTIFIED!**

Investigate this **MYSTERY**. In **PSYCHO** you will find much amusement for yourself and friends. The claims for **PSYCHO** are **STARTLINGLY TRUE**.



With your finger-tips resting on this instrument, without volition on your part, it will write intelligent answers to spoken **MENTAL** questions, tell most secret thoughts, give advice on love and business, draw pictures and many uncounted things.

These open up very interesting questions in psychic phenomena. Is this force magnetism, electricity, odor, or "spitit"? Opinions differ, theories fail and science is unable to explain. Convince yourself. **PSYCHO** complete package Price \$1.50.

DIRECT SALES COMPANY, 1907 Times Building, New York



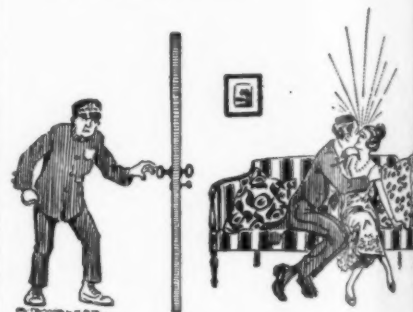
Patience Worth

PSYCHO speaks for itself

SISTER SUE: Isn't that the limit? "The Confessions of a Second Wife" is missing again to-night. They might leave out some of these stupid articles about the crops and the stock market once in a while, if they must save paper.

CIRCULATION MANAGER (to the editor): I don't care where you save paper, so long as you don't cut into the women's features, the sport page, the news, editorial or markets.

NOW that the Atlantic liners are going to have bars, how about issuing fifty-trip tickets?



Booze Officer: AH! SOUNDS AS IF SOMEONE WAS OPENING A BOTTLE IN THERE!

Just Like the Old Evans

—minus the alcohol



With the Same Old Smack

FORMERLY KNOWN AS CHECONA EVANS ALE
Leading Hotels, Restaurants and Dealers
C. H. EVANS & SONS • Estab. 1786 HUDSON



A King and His Court



T has been said that the only throne which remains unshaken is baby's. He reigns supreme while adoring parents seek untiringly to give him every comfort. How carefully the tender, flower-like skin must be bathed,—what gentle treatment is necessary if the scalp is to be kept healthy, and the hair soft and silky. Mothers know all this and many of the wisest use Resinol Soap. They know it is perfectly pure and will keep baby wholesome and sweet,—at the same time tending to prevent rashes and chafing.

Besides being so effective for King Baby, mothers find Resinol Soap delightful for preserving and improving their own complexions. Use it as directed and see if you cannot feel how much easier the pores breathe, after being refreshed by its soothing, cleansing ingredients.

For the daily bath Father declares there is nothing more stimulating. He also says Resinol Shaving Stick is the best ever because it leaves his face free from the dry, burning, after-shaving effects.

RESINOL SOAP

At all drug and toilet goods counters. Trial Free.
Dept. 1-B, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.



The History of a Word

THE trade-mark "KODAK" was first applied, in 1888, to a camera manufactured by us and intended for amateur use. It had no "derivation." It was simply invented—made up from letters of the alphabet to meet our trade-mark requirements.

It was short and euphonious and likely to stick in the public mind, and therefore seemed to us to be admirably adapted to use in exploiting our new product.

It was, of course, immediately registered, and so is ours, both by such registration and by common law. Its first application was to the Kodak Camera. Since then we have applied it to other goods of our manufacture, as, for instance, Kodak Tripods, Kodak Portrait Attachments, Kodak Film, Kodak Film Tanks and Kodak Amateur Printers.

The name "Kodak" does not mean that these goods must be used in connection with a Kodak camera, for as a matter of fact any of them may be used with other apparatus or

goods. It simply means that they originated with, and are manufactured by, the Eastman Kodak Company.

"Kodak" being our registered and common law trade-mark can not be rightly applied except to goods of our manufacture.

If you ask at the store for a Kodak Camera, or Kodak Film, or other Kodak goods and are handed something not of our manufacture, you are not getting what you specified, which is obviously unfair both to you and to us.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

What Is a Business Man

JONES, of New York: "I am for this man Lowden. We need a business man for President."

JONES, of St. Louis: "There's no chance of beating Wood. The country demands a business man for President this time."

JONES, of Seattle: "The Republicans will be foolish if they don't nominate Harding. They ought to see that a business man is the logical choice for President."

JONES, of New Orleans: "There is nothing to the nomination. It will have to be McAdoo. The country expects a business man for President."

JONES, of Kansas City: "I am fed up on theorists; it's time to talk common sense. This man Coolidge looks good to me. A business man is what we need for President."

JONES, of Denver: "Their minds are already made up. It will be Hoover. They know they can't elect anybody but a business man."

Books Received

- The Complete Opera Book*, by Gustav Kobbe. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
More Chapters of Opera, by Henry Edward Krehbiel. (Henry Holt & Co.)
From Mud to Mufti, by Bruce Bairnsfather. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
From a Southern Porch, by Dorothy Scarborough. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
The Heart of a Girl, by Lucile C. Enlow. (The Stratford Company.)
Rapids and Still Water, by Rutgers Remsen Coles. (The Stratford Company.)
This Giddy Globe, by Oliver Herford. (George H. Doran Company.)
The Strangers' Banquet, by Donn Byrne. (Harper & Bros.)
Michael Forth, by Mary Johnston. (Harper & Bros.)
America's Race to Victory, by Lieut. Col. E. Requin. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)
The Fortune, by Douglas Goldring. (Scott & Seltzer.)
The Bridge of Time, by William Henry Warner. (Scott & Seltzer.)
Yanks A. E. F., Verse. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
Adventures in Interviewing, by Isaac F. Marcossan. (John Lane Company.)
A Landscape Painter, by Henry James. (Scott & Seltzer.)
Mince Pie, by Christopher Morley. (George H. Doran Company.)
I Believe in God the Father, by John Faville, D. D., Ph.D. (The Stratford Company.)

LIFE has nothing better to offer than a pal that is constant, a slave that is willing, a guardian that is alert; in other words, a *Palisade Police Dog*.

PALISADE KENNELS
 Merrick Road
 ROSEDALE
 Long Island
 Box 90



Sure Relief





Points
Kenwick 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Lombard 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ in.

Newest of the New

Ide

COLLARS

Geo. P. Ide & Co., Troy, N.Y.
 Also Makers of IDE Shirts—"They Fit."

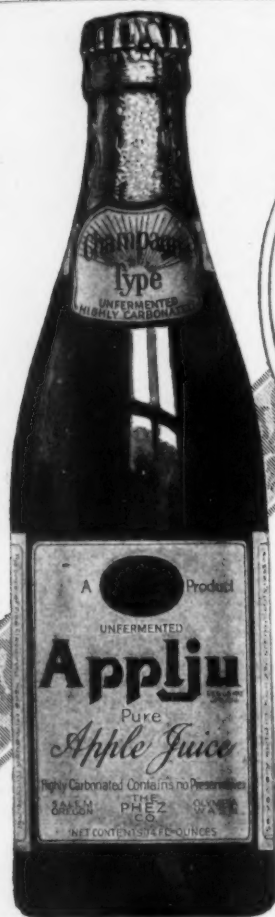
COLLAR FRIENDSHIPS

Has it happened to you that, in a drawer filled with them—*One Particular Collar* seems to please you most—looks best on you?

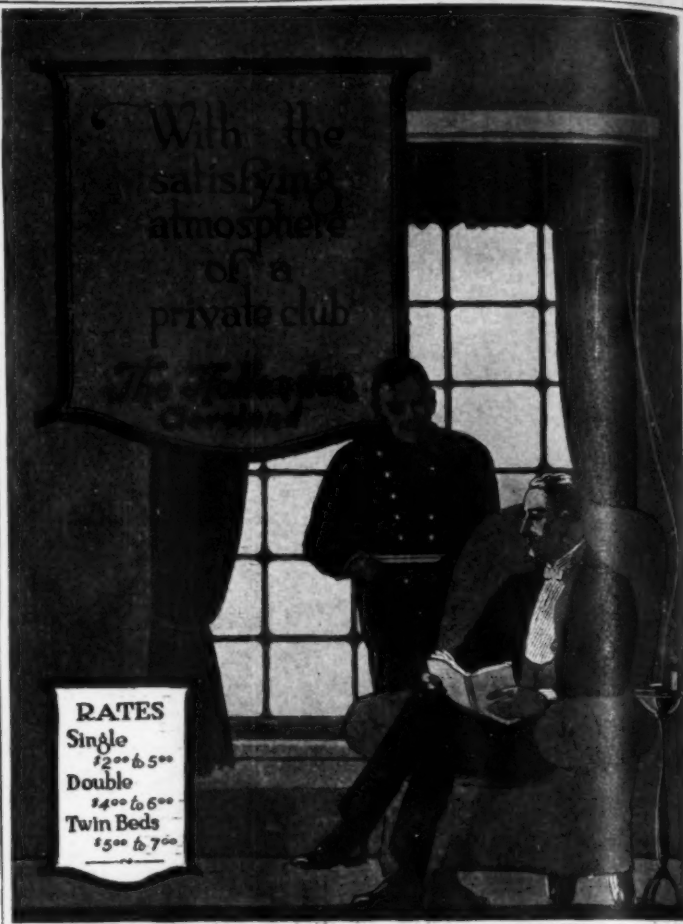
And you are always glad when the day comes around for *That* collar. More than likely, it's an IDE.

Why not make it an "IDE Drawer"—with *Every Collar an IDE*, and there are styles innumerable for selection.—*The One You Like Most.*

STYLISH—but *More-Quality* built into them by craftsmen who know that *Style* is rather useless unless it is coupled with *Durability.*



*Served like champagne,
wherever good drinks
are appreciated ~ ~*



RATES
Single
\$2.00 to \$5.00
Double
\$4.00 to \$6.00
Twin Beds
\$5.00 to \$7.00

Mito
VIOLETS
DELICATELY SCENTED GOLD TIPS
25¢ for 10 BOX DE LUXE OF 100 ~ \$2.50

If your dealer cannot supply you, write
Dept. M.V.
Seventeen
Ninety
Broadway
New York



HAVE YOU EVER FELT THE URGE WHEN YOUR TURN TO
SPEAK CAME NEXT?



"ER—BY THE WAY, I'D LIKE TO TURN IN THESE WINGS AND GET A 1920 MODEL."

Probes

A PROBE is something in the Headlines of a Newspaper, and usually makes its Appearance immediately after some Disaster, or what are called Disgraceful Proceedings. By Calamity, dam Nonsense, the racing charts would say. A Committee of Investigation is the Probe's Next of Kin.

Will Start Probe, shouts the paper. "We shall spare No One," says the Hon. Jno. W. Doolittle, Chairman of the Mayor's Committee.

Probe Will Go Deep, hollers the front page. "This is not a Whitewashing Job," says George Washington Monroe, Chairman of the Citizens' Committee, which is acting with the Mayor's Committee.

Probe Will Be Thorough, screams the poor thing, endeavoring to make itself heard from the Second Page. "This matter will be sifted to the very bottom," says the Rev. Dr. Nodding, Chairman of the Committee of Pastors, appointed to Investigate and Fix the Responsibility. "We feel that a great wrong has been done here. Those who are guilty must answer for it."

A Suspicion points to Men Higher and Higher Up, the Committees go Deeper and Deeper with the Probe, and Sift Further and Further toward the Bottom.

Probe Still On, remarks a Fourth Page Heading, demurely. "We'll get to the Bottom of this Thing, you Bet," says Committeeman Job C. Kerr, who, so far, had been Unable to get his Name printed. "Somebody has got to Suffer for This. You'll see. There are still a Few Red-Blooded Americans Left." Next day the poor old Probe is on the Sixth Page, half way Down, so mixed up with Advertising that One hardly Notes its Murnur. The Sifters are Nearly at the Bottom now, and the Probe is at the Bottom, too—of the Column.

Committee's Report, whispers a small paragraph-heading on the last Page. *Charges proven to be without foundation.* Which shows they *did* get to the Bottom, and beyond, but they Never got to the Men Higher Up.

Prettier Teeth

Safer Teeth—Without a Film

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



It Is Film That Mars and Ruins

It is known today that the cause of most tooth troubles is a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The film is clinging. It enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a film combatant. Its efficiency has been amply proved by clinical and laboratory tests. Able authorities approve it and leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption.

A Free Test to Every Home

This new method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is sent to everyone who wishes to prove its efficiency.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed impossible. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And millions of teeth are now being daily brushed with this active pepsin.

We urge you to see the results. They are quick and apparent. A ten-day test will be a revelation. Send the coupon for the test tube. Compare the results with old methods, and you will soon know what is best. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget, for this is important to you.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now Advised by Leading Dentists Everywhere

Ten Days Will Tell

Note how clean the teeth feel after using Pepsodent. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. You will then know what clean teeth mean.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 30, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name _____

Address _____



The Car Desired

To every one, we think, the fine electric is the desired car.

Perhaps it is because in grace of line, beauty of finish, and artistry of interior fittings the electric is unequalled.

Perhaps it is the superior cleanliness, ease of operation and safety of the electric.

Or perhaps it is that while some type of gas car is within reach of everybody, the fine electric is essentially the car of the discriminating minority.

This year's Detroit Electric is the supreme achievement of years of dominance. Every lover of a fine car should see it.

DETROIT ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY
DETROIT MICHIGAN

The electric was the pioneer enclosed car—and it is still the best.

Variety makes life enjoyable

And it is this same quality that has made Huyler's candies the first choice of the experienced candy buyer everywhere. No matter what the occasion, there is always a Huyler variety to fit the mood or taste of the moment.

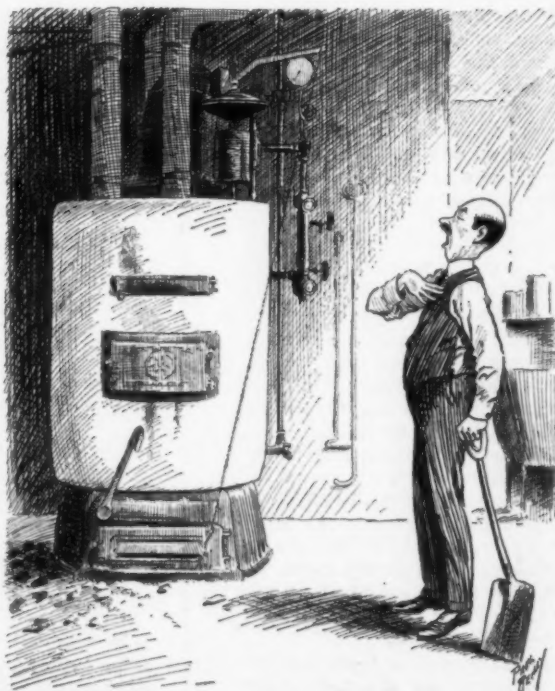
Have you tried our Coconut Royals? Delicate coconut cream centers, coated with Huyler's delicious chocolate.

\$1.25 per
pound

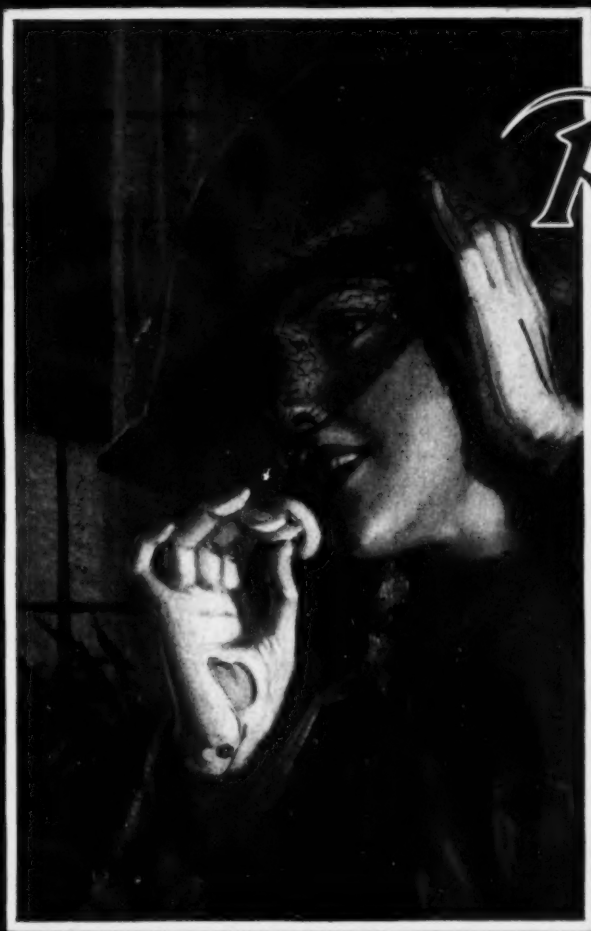
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NEW YORK
67 Stores - Agencies
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In Canada - many agencies: factory and store in Toronto
Prices Higher in Pacific Coast States



Cellar Soloist: OH, THAT WE TWO WERE MAYING!



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FACE POWDER

—each fragrant with that bouquet of
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This fragrance enriches the
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Brilliantine	Liquid Soap
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Coffret	Powder
Eau Dentifrice	(Solid)
Eye Lash	Sachet Powder
Beautifier	Shampoo
Eye Brow Pencil	Smelling Salts
Extract	Soap
Face Powder	Talcum Powder
Greaseless	Tissue Cream
Cream	Toilet Water
Hair Tonic	Tooth Paste
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CHASE
Velmo

Made by Sanford Mills, Sanford, Me.

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INCORPORATED 1904



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A GIRL who makes enough clerking in a store to furnish the bare necessities of life, was recently heard enumerating the things she would like to have. She ended her list with this:

"And I would always like to have my sandwiches without the crusts."

Now, after all, isn't this what the whole world is striving for? It is not the lack of necessary things that makes for discontent, but the fact that we want our sandwiches not only minus

the crust, but with the filling as thick and rich as it is in our neighbors' sandwiches.

All the labor problems of to-day are based on this same principle of "sandwiches without crust," and all that that implies.

A great part of the world is starving, not for bread and a place to sleep, but for the beautiful, the savory, the dainty and the filmy things of life.

Every means that can be thought of, from the strike to the ouija board, is being used to get these things.



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THE aristocratic Creoles of Louisiana have inherited from their pure French-Spanish ancestry, wonderful masses of beautiful dark hair. For generations La Creole Hair Dressing has been favorite among them.

La Creole will bring back faded, gray-streaked or wholly gray hair to its youthful color and lustre. La Creole causes no sudden change because it contains no dye. It promotes that vigorous condition of hair and scalp which nature intended, and when the healthy color has been recovered, an occasional application preserves it permanently. Refinement approves its use. It cannot stain the scalp, and there is nothing to wash or rub off.

La Creole makes the hair soft, wavy and lustrous. Eliminates dandruff. Absolutely guaranteed to bring back the hair's color—or money refunded.

Send coupon for booklet "La Creole Hair Beautiful." Shows style of hair dressing best suited to each type of face.

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Please send booklet "La Creole Hair Beautiful," teaching the hair dress most becoming to each individual.

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LIFE'S Little Candidacies

THE coal miners' candidate for President believes that the mine owners should provide garage service, so that the miners' automobile engines will not freeze in the winter; he will ask Congress to make it a felony for any householder to sift his ashes, and will make advance purchase of coal at excessive prices and in excessive quantities compulsory, so that the miners

can be relieved of the shortage of overtime; he will take up with the operators the question of installing safes and burglar-alarm systems in all dwellings rented to miners for the protection of jewels, securities, Sunday shoes and silk shirts; he will, upon taking office, triple the pay of the miners and then appoint a commission to determine whether or not they are entitled to a raise.

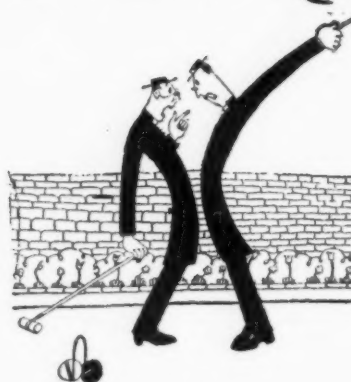
NOW LISTEN QUIETLY

YOU don't need to be hit over the head before you'll see a new idea.

You don't need to be assaulted and battered into a grin of approval.

You like to smile at living. You have a taste for Art and Drama and Letters.

You're keen for sports and motors. You're a good working model of a citizen with leisure interests. Aren't you?



read

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Vanity Fair makes a direct appeal to people of intellect and appreciation. To men and women with a flair for the arts and graces that brighten a workaday world. And—whether your Vanity Fair finds you at Piping Rock, Long Island, or Pinfeather, Arizona, it will interest and amuse and entertain you.

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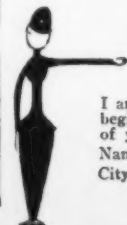
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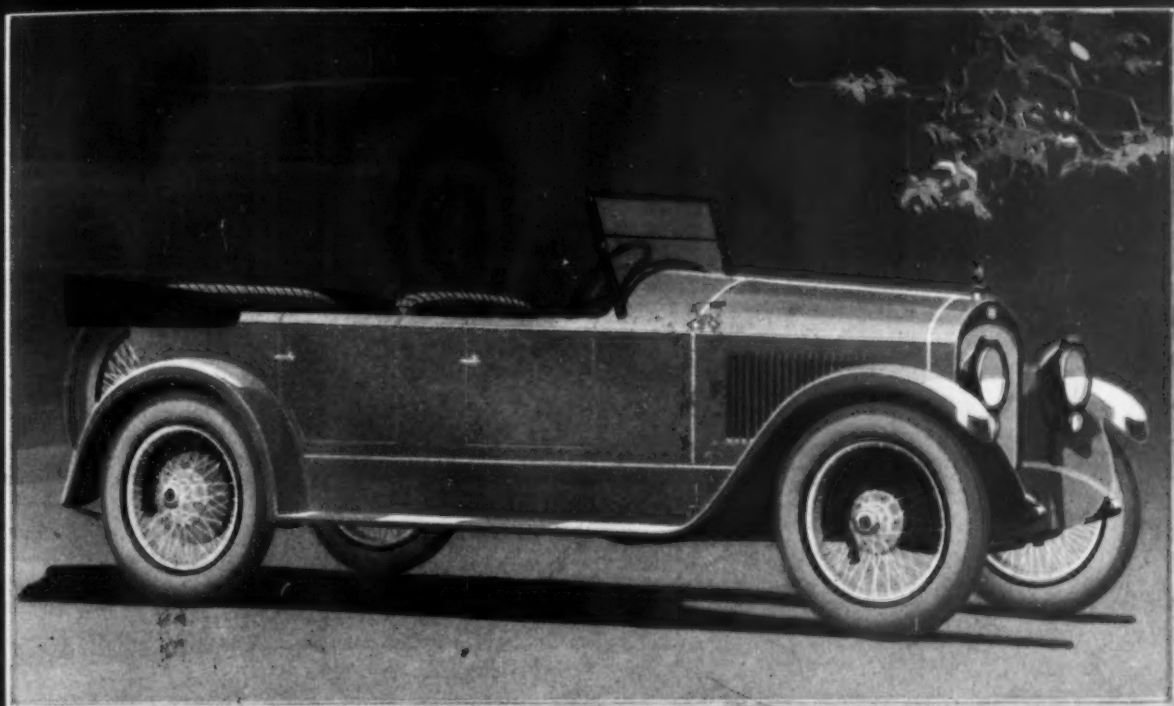
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